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TITO AND THE KREMLIN

The lesson of the Czech *coup* in February was clear enough to Social Democrats; the excommunication pronounced on Tito and his three principal lieutenants is an equally clear warning to Communists themselves that safety is only to be found in complete subservience to Moscow. The Yugoslav leaders are accused of almost every crime in the Communist calendar. They have followed "an incorrect line on the basic questions of foreign and domestic policy, which indicates retreat from Marxist-Leninism." Their attitude to the Soviet Union has been "hateful"; they have treated Russia almost as if she were a Western Imperialist Power. They have belittled Soviet military specialists and discredited the Soviet army. They have even—surely the crime above all others—spied on Soviet spies. Further, in a country composed of peasants, they have forgotten Lenin's teaching that "the proletariat must be the leaders in the struggle of all workers," and, in a bourgeois manner, "suitable only for nationalists," they have dealt with the peasantry as a whole instead of encouraging the class differentiation between land workers and kulaks. Finally, "afflicted by inordinate ambition, grandee-ism and cunning calculation," they absented themselves from a Cominform meeting of the brotherly Communist parties, where they would have been shown their errors. In these and other ways, it is clear that the Communist Party of Yugoslavia "has set out on the road of treason." It is forthwith expelled from the Cominform, and abjured, through its "healthy elements," to throw out its present leaders and to return to the body of the Church.

We do not yet know—and it may be that we shall never know—all the events that have led up to this astonishing anathema. Moscow has been finding, as others who know the Partisans well have found, that their admirable qualities do not include humility or a readiness to learn from others. Moreover, Tito has been personal and "national" in his foreign policy, working, against Moscow's wishes, for a Balkan federation, and, by his stubborn attitude on Carinthia, complicating the negotiations for an Austrian treaty. On the underlying quarrel we note one particularly revealing passage:—

> The bureaucratic régime within the party is ruinous for the life and development of the Yugoslav Communist Party. There is no internal democracy in the party, no criticism or self-criticism. . . . Party meetings are not held, or are held in secret, which cannot but undermine the influence of the party among the masses.

In brief, the Communist Party in Yugoslavia has not been organised as elsewhere. According to the correct pattern, the known leaders of the party are held in check by less famed, but often equally influential, individuals who are the liaison between the executive and the rank and file. This system is the democratic element in Communist organisation. Outside Yugoslavia it is regarded as essential. It is intended as a safeguard against the typical Social Democratic disease of bureaucracy. Without this safeguard, the Communist leaders become dictators, not only of the country over which they rule, but also of the party itself. They also become independent of Moscow, and are liable to break the unity of Communist practice and doctrine, to give way to nationalism and personal ambition, and to forget Stalin's classical warning that Communists, like Antaeus, draw their strength from touch with the soil of common humanity. In brief, Tito and his close associates are acting not as servants of the Communist Party but as personal dictators.

That Moscow should have been willing to inform the world of this disunity within their ranks seems to imply that it was not strong enough to get rid of Tito by secret means, but that it believed it would be strong enough to do so through the Yugoslav Communist Party. If Kardelj and other leading Yugoslav Communists could have been detached from Tito, if the army had not been under his personal supervision, we may be sure that he would have been set aside in a less spectacular manner. If, on the other hand, Tito's supremacy over the Yugoslav Communist Party were complete, Moscow could scarcely have hoped that this method of appealing to the party against its leaders would have been successful. Clearly, there has been the sharpest division in the Yugoslav party, but solidarity among its leaders. The conflict was brought to a head when Tito arrested two Ministers who supported the correct party line. Moscow has come to their rescue, and describes the Marshal's action against those "who dared to criticise the anti-Soviet concepts of the Yugoslav leaders" as that of "a shameful, purely Turkish, terrorist regime." The exquisite irony of Moscow finding something shameful and Turkish in political arrests will not be lost on many people in East Europe, though we fear that they will not risk a Turkish revenge by indulging in any public ribaldry. The Communist parties of Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Poland must be asking themselves how many of those sins they, too, have committed.

Tito's party has rebutted Moscow's allegations with denials and counter-allegations. The Kremlin is given the lie. It remains to be seen whether Tito and the three leaders named with him can use their immense prestige to rally national feeling in a stand against Kremlin dictatorship, or whether Moscow has calculated correctly and can count on the loyalty of the Yugoslav party to obey its behest and to arrest or expel their national hero.

The E.R.P. Treaty

The Chancellor's statement in the House of Commons last Tuesday made it clear that the most serious objections to the first draft of the E.R.P. bilateral treaty had been removed by Sir Oliver Franks in the course of negotiations in Washington. In his first diplomatic tussle, our new Ambassador has proved a tower of strength. But the thirteen clauses of the treaty, and the lengthy elucidatory comments which accompany it, will need searching examination during the few days before next week's debate. Though most of the strings which would have tied us up to specific commitments have now been cut, the general commitments are still formidable, especially when we remember that they will be interpreted by a Republican administration and a Republican Congress unlikely to give us the benefit of the doubt or to permit sentiment in

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any way to weaken the business man's control of how his money is spent. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons in the course of next week's debate will demand clarification of the many ambiguities which are still to be found in the pages of the White Paper in which the treaty has been published.

Up with the Houses

The important announcement made last week-end about the Government's housing policy goes a long way towards allaying fear of widespread unemployment among builders. During the past few months, as a consequence of the speed-up, houses have been reaching completion at a great rate—so much so that by the autumn there will be, at any rate in a statistical sense, a dwelling available for every distinct family. This is a big achievement, but, of course, it leaves plenty of cases of local shortage and of very defective accommodation. Mr. Bevan has now persuaded his colleagues to go back on the severe cuts in housing which were enforced as part of the capital retrenchment plan during last year's crisis, and one function of the change is the restoration of private building designed either for owner-occupiers or for the building of houses for letting at reasonable rents. The four-to-one ratio for public and private enterprise is being restored, and there is to be some elasticity in the maximum cost figure, mainly to meet higher prices. These relaxations are sensible; and so is the recommendation to local authorities to build some larger and some smaller houses (for large families and for old people respectively) instead of concentrating on the standard two-bedroom type. The final rate of new construction for 1949 is not yet settled, but the total for Great Britain is put provisionally at 200,000. This is still a long way below the pre-war rate of 350,000 to 360,000, but it is a big advance on the 140,000 proposed during last year's crisis.

Tory Land Charter

The Conservative Agricultural Charter, of which Mr. Churchill naturally made the most he could at Luton Hoo, is unexceptionable in its general aim of increasing home agricultural production—an objective from which few will be found to dissent in view of Great Britain's prospective foreign exchange position. The dividing line between the Labour and the Conservative policies is that, whereas the Labour policy is to plan for the production of the foodstuffs that are most needed and most difficult to acquire on reasonable terms from abroad, the Conservatives propose in effect to give the farmer a high guaranteed price for whatever he may choose to produce. The system of annual price reviews is rational, but it is made clear that it is not meant to be used as an instrument for planning what is to be produced. The Conservatives also reject outright the Labour proposals for commodity commissions, and stand fast by the old system of marketing boards under producers' control. They pronounce an anathema on state trading and bulk purchase, and demand seasonally sliding tariff protection against competitive imports. For the workers, they propose, while keeping the minimum wage, more differentiation of possible earnings and improved training, but the suggestions are pretty vague on those heads. Empire preference is upheld, on condition that the home producer is to come first. The danger, obviously, is that the Charter would enable the farmer to charge what he pleased for whatever he wished to produce, and to get all the benefits of a State guarantee without any corresponding obligations.

The B.M.A. Faces the Future

While the rival dentists' associations are still seeking to persuade their members to take, or not to take, service under the Health Act, the doctors, having accepted the scheme, are now considering whether or not it is beneath their dignity to turn themselves openly into a Trade Union. The word "Union," said one orator at their meeting this week, "sticks in our throats"; and it is clearly the word, and not the fact, to which objection is taken. How, if not as a Trade Union, has the British Medical Association been acting ever since the discussions over the Health Bill began? The B.M.A., whatever it may choose to call itself, *is* a Trade Union; for, in the eyes of the law, Trade Union is as Trade Union does; and a body does not have to call itself a Trade Union in order to come within the scope of the Trade Union Act. Perhaps what the B.M.A. has in mind is the establishment of some formal system of collective bargaining, such as exists in most industries and in not a few services. But with whom is the joint machinery in question to be negotiated? With the local authorities? But surely that is coming close to accepting the status of employees, to which the doctors so strongly object. With the Government itself? But is the Government the doctors' employer? With bodies under the Act on which the doctors are strongly represented? Surely that would be absurd. One cannot help wondering, as one has wondered so often of late, whether the B.M.A. has ever tried to think out what it really wants. The Committee may realise that medicine, like teaching, is a State service.

Forced Labour in Russia

Those who have followed the lengthy controversy that has recently appeared in this paper on forced labour in Russia may well have felt that they were trying to peer through to the dark side of the moon. It seems clear that nobody *knows* much about these labour camps; it is not possible, for instance, to make any appreciation of conditions inside Asiatic Russia comparable with the valuable article on the Russian Zone in Germany by Mr. Peter Nettle in the July issue of the *Political Quarterly*. We are obliged now to bring the correspondence to an end, although we have many letters still clamouring for publication, including a reply from Mr. Rothstein, who defends everything Russian, and Mr. Crankshaw, whose original assessment of the book by Dallin and Nicolaevsky began the correspondence. In this week's issue we print a long reply from Mr. Dallin: he was entitled to it in view of the attacks made on him. Since the Russians publish no facts or figures, they must themselves bear much of the responsibility for the exaggerations and distortions that are published abroad. Books like that of Dallin and Nicolaevsky seem to belong to the familiar category of anti-Soviet literature, which increase prejudice in the United States, and seems likely to mislead American public opinion into thinking that the Soviet Government would be overthrown by the explosion of a few atom bombs. All we know is that a system of forced labour exists, that it is used as a penal method, and that criminals in Russia include those guilty of political offences. It is also clear that many of those who are believed abroad to be shut away in labour camps are in fact merely punished by being sent to work in distant areas from which they usually return after a few months. This has nothing at all to do with the use made of ex-enemy prisoners, evil though that system may well be. Again, it is only adding to confusion to include under the title of forced labour the wholesale colonisation in new areas of the Volga Germans or of populations who proved "unreliable" in the war. These migrations were ruthlessly carried out and caused great suffering, but such evidence as there is suggests that the new colonies may in fact prove successful and settle down as an integral part of Soviet life. Where so much is doubtful, we agree with Mr. Werth that the great and indubitable evil is the absence of any individual security against the secret police. Like him, we "deplore the whole system of administrative arrests, 'the three a.m. knock on the door', and the secrecy surrounding the whole wretched business."

IN PARLIAMENT: Fear and Relief

Wednesday

THE two crises overlapped; and it became a problem for the worrying type of Member to know which to worry about first—Berlin or the docks. Prodded day after day by Eden's private notice questions on the strike, the Prime Minister seemed to be fighting a defensive retreat. Boyd-Carpenter asked for desperate remedies such as recalling Isaacs from San Francisco.

But on Tuesday, when the breakdown seemed likely to spread to Liverpool and involve Mrs. Braddock, the Prime Minister announced, amid relieved applause from his supporters, that the dockers would resume work next day. He had settled the matter with the kick of the Emergency Powers Act and the caress of a fireside chat. In the general satisfaction there was none to spare a word for the Minister of Labour, homing from the Golden Gates, airborne.

The Tories applauded too, but faintly. Delighted though they had been to see the Government embarrassed, they couldn't draw satisfaction from the nation's distress. Yet they didn't feel pleasure at seeing the Prime Minister's reputation enhanced, with the possibility that Labour's electoral prospects might correspondingly be improved. They felt far more at home in barracking Morrison during the Third Reading of the Representation of the People Bill—the elector's Bill of Rights for 1950.

The issue was clear. The Tories wanted a privileged place for the Universities in Parliament; the Socialists saw no reason why they should have it. In order to prove that the Universities really love the Government and that all would be well, were it not for Tory mischief, Morrison in a rollicking speech quoted some cordial observations by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. "What is his name?" asked Churchill, leaning over the despatch-box like a severe headmaster. Among Labour Members there was a moment of uncertainty. Did Morrison know? Had he been caught out?

"I am surprised," replied Morrison (*flick, flick*—*went his notes*) "that the Right Honourable Gentleman should be (*flick, flick*) so abysmally ignorant (*flick, flick, flick*) . . . His name (*flick*) is (*triumphantly*) Professor Stallybrass!"

A more substantial contribution to Britain's sustenance was foreshadowed by Cripps' statement on U.S. aid. In advance of next week's debate, he calmed some of the anxieties which had been felt about undue American interference in British affairs. The House, as a whole, welcomed the announcement, nor could Gallacher's bitter cry of "Land of hope and glory" disturb the mood of gratification.

Before seeing the E.R.P. terms, most Members preferred to leave the matter unquestioned for the time being. But Paton persisted in asking whether it offered preferential help to Japan, damaging to her competitors, including Britain. This specific and well-received formulation of one of the many questionings in Members' minds gave notice to the Chancellor that the Agreement will be closely probed, not merely by the Communists and the experts in unorthodox finance, but by many others who will want to examine the teeth in the gift.

The House then went into Committee in order to deal with the Monopoly Bill. The Tories could not have a better representative of their point of view than Lyttelton, a business man who knows as much about restrictive practices as anyone, though in argument he is no doubt more effective in the board-room than at the despatch-box. Apparently unaccustomed to being interrupted, he is easily put off his stroke by irreverent Socialists. Cobb, in particular, a business competitor, worried him with the charge that Lyttelton's own Corporation was restrictive in its dealings with firms not in the lamp ring. Lyttelton changed the subject.

In the meantime, the Berlin skyline seemed, to the rash, to brighten. Was it in anticipation of Wednesday's debate? Or was it the shift of bad weather to Yugoslavia that enabled play to be resumed? Whatever the reason, many who had begun the week with the most pessimistic forebodings, ended it with the unduly firm conviction that all was well with a world where the dockers were at work, Marshall Aid was in the pocket and even—Berlin in the bag?

MAURICE EDELMAN

OPERATION CARTER PATERSON

THE decision to supply the rations of 2,000,000 Berliners—and a little of their coal—by air transport has suddenly wrested the initiative from the Russians. For a few weeks—we hesitate to suggest that this bold expedient can be maintained for longer—we shall be politically in the ascendant in Berlin. Its German inhabitants and Russian occupiers will watch by day and night the greatest peace-time demonstration of air power in history. By this astonishing piece of improvisation, we can hope not only to extricate ourselves from the political reverse, into which we had so nearly blundered, but to produce an atmosphere in which a permanent settlement can be negotiated on equal terms. For the first time since 1945 there is a grave risk of war and a real chance of peace.

As long ago as last January, it was almost certain that the East-West conflict would come to a head this summer, and that the focal point would be Berlin. Once we had decided to go ahead in Western Germany with currency reform and the Constituent Assembly, it was inevitable that the Russians would do three things. First, they would argue with some show of reason that there was no longer any justification for our presence in Berlin. In a divided Germany without quadrilateral rule, Berlin must cease to be the Four-Power capital and become the centre of the Eastern Zone as Frankfurt is the centre of the Western Zone. Secondly, they would demonstrate by economic measures that the Western Powers were only there on sufferance. Thirdly, they would force us into negotiations on ground of their own choosing.

Apparently Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin made no plans to meet this emergency. They did not even move their headquarters staff to Frankfurt. Instead, they permitted the currency reform, with all its social repercussions, to be directed by harassed generals besieged in the middle of the Russian Zone. Not unnaturally, the Russians believed that they had got us where they wanted us—out on a limb—and proceeded slowly and deliberately to saw it off.

Now suddenly and dramatically the situation has been transformed. Instead of dangerously vague declarations that we were determined to sit it out in the hope that "something would turn up," Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin have decided to act. Air power has won us a few precious weeks and enabled us to make good our promises to the Berliners. The Russians will scarcely seek to interfere with our transport planes, since they would be committing an act of war.

So far, so good. A desperate situation has for the moment been saved. But there is no reason to sit back as though the danger were over. What is needed now, as Mr. Eden and Mr. Byers, speaking for the Opposition, stressed in the Commons, is a three-Power approach to the Russians on the highest level. To sit tight and try to "stare the Russians out" would be folly.

How then can the deadlock be ended? There are only two possibilities. In the first place, we can try to reach agreement with the Kremlin on the Berlin issue alone. While admitting the end of quadripartite rule, we can claim that the Western Sector remains an enclave of Western Germany inside the Eastern Zone, and we can seek to obtain corridor rights such as Danzig once possessed. Any such agreement would undoubtedly involve major concessions to the Russians, and leave us at their mercy whenever they felt inclined to renew the squeeze. Its success would depend on an East-West co-operation whose absence is the cause of the present deadlock.

The only alternative is to raise the whole question of quadrilateral control. In Germany the decision has been taken, and very soon a Western and an Eastern German State will exist. But in Austria, the Four Powers still exert joint authority from Vienna, and prospects of a peace treaty have faded. The liberation of Austria from foreign occupation is of prime interest to the Western Powers. If Austria could become a "Western country" with a Russian enclave in Vienna, guaranteed by treaty rights, in exchange for a Western enclave in Berlin, the balance of prestige and power would be nicely balanced.

The difficulty, however, of discussing objectively such a settlement is indicated by the message from our special correspondent in Berlin which we print on another page. The atmosphere there is taut to the point of hysteria, and there is a determination to hang on in the hope that "something will turn up." In the very short run this may be the only thing to do. But it would be futile to believe that Marshal Sokolovsky's latest communication, despite its soothing tone, indicates any change in Russian policy. The cat-and-mouse tactic will be employed by the Kremlin for months and even years in the hope that the mice will gradually be paralysed by the alternations of tension and relief.

The only way to combat this Russian tactic is for the Western Powers to make up their minds on their interim objectives in Germany and Austria and to work out their own plan for winding up the farce of Four-Power control in both countries. Then they can take the initiative in calling for a resumption of the Foreign Ministers' Conference.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DEWEY

"IT might have been worse, it might have been Vandenberg," Col. McCormick is reported to have said of the Republican nomination of Dewey. In fact the enthusiasm of the crowds always demonstrated that the Governor of New York was only an inevitable second best, irresistibly overwhelming a host of disunited favourites.

In Britain, too, the same mood has prevailed. Most of us feel that it might have been worse, it might have been Taft, but equally it might have been better, it might have been Vandenberg or Stassen. Our relief is based on the assumption that the Convention was a triumph of internationalism over isolationism, our disappointment derives partly from the universal tepidity which Dewey inspires, and partly from a fear that his devotion to internationalism is dependent on its present popularity reflected in the Gallup Polls. Too many of those who know Dewey will assert that the only convictions he has ever cared about were those he obtained as a prosecuting attorney.

Yet for the moment at least it would be absurd to deny that the isolationists, who have dominated the Republican Party for 25 years, were routed, with Dewey in the forefront of the attack. The platform generally steered a careful middle course between the platitudinous and the tautologous, but on foreign policy it was surprisingly forthright in calling for continued economic aid to Europe. In the selection of a Vice-President, when it would have been natural for the nominee to close the ranks by adopting an isolationist such as Representative Halleck, Dewey went out of his way to offer the post first to Stassen and when he refused to turn to another internationalist, Governor Warren.

On the face of it then the Republican Party has undergone a change of heart, and has put behind it the philosophy and principles of isolation. At the same time no one doubts that the only candidate who could beat Dewey is Eisenhower, who, it is believed, would only consent to run if he thought that the American foreign policy of Mr. Marshall was threatened. Should we throw our caps in the air, and declare that the millennium is at hand?

Perhaps it would be wiser first to examine this fine new doctrine of "internationalism" which has vanquished and cast out the old devil of isolation. What will it mean in practice when Mr. Dewey, for so long the heir-presumptuous, succeeds to his wide inheritance next January, bringing with him as Secretary of State Mr. John Foster Dulles, of the Federal Council of Churches?

It must mean a very considerable clarification of American Foreign Policy, which is still administered by the successor of Yalta. Many of the rags of Rooseveltism, with which the nakedness of the struggle with Russia has been adorned if not concealed, will be quickly reduced to ashes. There would seem little reason why Franco's Spain should not be welcomed back into the comity of nations. Similarly the remnants of liberalism, which have restrained the State Department under Mr. Marshall from giving all out support to General Chiang Kai-shek, would seem likely to be discarded. But Mr. Dewey's reputation, on which he expects to win the election, is for efficiency, and aid to China could not be allowed to become operation rat-hole. Advisers, and a reorganisation of the antique corruption of China on modern American lines, are likely to be an integral part of the new programme.

The main anxiety in Britain has been over the future of the E.R.P. In the simple sense this anxiety may be set at rest; E.R.P. will continue; but it has already changed very greatly from the original liberal un-stringed plan announced a year ago by Mr. Marshall; this process of swift change will certainly continue under a Republican administration. An efficient administration will want a clear definition of the purpose of the programme and frequent reports on progress. The object of E.R.P. was defined, when selling it to Congress, as containing and if possible, pushing back Russian Communist influence in Europe, and providing America with reliable allies in Western Europe. This will involve economic aid to most of the 16 nations, which in Britain's case is vital to our standard of living. But it does *not* necessarily mean that the aid will be directed to rehabilitation with the ultimate objective of making Western Europe independent of; and so to some extent competitive with, North America.

As the objective of the plan shades away into something quite different from its original intentions, so we may expect a far closer inspection by the new Administration of its achievements. The first grand assize will be at the very first meeting of the new Congress in January, when appropriations must be made for the second year which begins on April 2nd, 1949. It may be expected that there will be very insistent demands for proof that American dollars are bearing fruit, not in the near future but at the very moment—in bleak midwinter.

The first fruit will be solidarity against Russia. Diversionism will be as hard for the West as it is in the Cominform. But the new Administration will signal the return, after 16 years in the wilderness, of the business men's party to complete power. Business will demand, not merely that E.R.P. is an efficient instrument of anti-Soviet foreign policy, but that it has something to give American business in the way of assured markets. The bilateral pacts were only a foretaste.

Since a Republican President would complete the swing to the Right which began in 1942, and was temporarily checked by force of Roosevelt's personality in 1944, there is certain to be a sharpening of the ideological lines over Free Enterprise versus Socialism. It will, for instance, be very difficult for the American E.R.P. authorities to justify in Congress gifts to Britain while the Iron and Steel industry is being nationalised. At the same time the struggle with Russia will probably be conceived of as a duel between Free and Slave economies, with no middle ground. This will be very hard for those of us who do hold the middle ground.

The swing to the Right will certainly bring great internal dangers for the American economy. The Labour unions who have been divided by their disappointment in the Democrats, will be united in their dislike of the Republican administration. If Dewey does not keep Congress in check there is likely to be legislation which will result in widespread and perhaps

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violent labour action. The great question is whether Dewey could face up to a domestic crisis of this proportion, or to an American slump were one to come. It is difficult to guess because as Governor he has never had an opportunity to demonstrate such ability. But the Republican Party by its tradition and composition is vilely qualified for such an occasion; its whole philosophy will prevent it from using the means of adjustment bequeathed by the New Deal for labour disputes, and even more from using the New Deal formula for dealing with a sharp deflation.

We should then realise in Britain that isolation in the sense of the 1920's is dead, but the internationalism which has triumphed is not the Rooseveltian variety. Aid to Europe must be judged by its results; if Europe fails to recover, or fails to justify the expenditure of American dollars, a complete change in American policy is still possible. Europe could be abandoned either in favour of a deal with the East, or a transference of American effort to the Far East.

JOHN CAESAR

A GREAT VENTURE

ON July 5th, the great national schemes for Health and Insurance will come into operation. With that in view the observer of social and economic change may well be tempted to compare what was done in 1912 with what is promised for 1948 and thereafter. Thirty-six years is not a long period in the development of a nation's effort for social security, but the contrasts in the scope and variety of the State-controlled services at the two dates in question is striking.

About half-way through that period a Royal Commission made an exhaustive inquiry into the Health Insurance part of the national schemes. This provides another occasion for comparisons—between what the Commissioners said in 1926 and what is now being done in 1948.

The original National Insurance Act, product of Lloyd George's energy and vision, gave in Part I five basic benefits—medical, sanatorium, sickness, disablement and maternity; and in Part II unemployment benefit for certain occupations of an industrial character. Pensions for widows, orphans and old age have since been incorporated in the Insurance Scheme, the rates of benefit have been increased, Approved Societies have provided additional benefits from surpluses, the scope of Unemployment Insurance has been extended to cover nearly all forms of service under contract. But even so the picture will be remarkably different when on July 5th, 1948, the new responsibilities of the Government Departments to the insured persons—and indeed on the health side to the people generally—will begin. In contrast with the six benefits of 1912 one may count—and let us hope count on—about a score of benefits in the new era now about to open.

In the Family Guide to the National Insurance Scheme recently issued by the Government the question "What are the benefits?" is answered thus by Mr. Griffiths:

Sickness Benefit	Unemployment Benefit
Maternity Grant	Guardian's Allowance
Maternity Allowance	Retirement Pension
Attendance Allowance	Death Grant
Widow's Allowance	Injury Benefit
Widowed Mother's Allowance	Disablement Benefit
Widow's Pension	Death Benefit (Industrial)

These are cash benefits based on insurance. To complete the picture we must go to the Health Service Leaflet now in every householder's hands. There Mr. Bevan invites us to partake of:

Medical Advice and Treatment
Medicine and Medical Aids
Dental Service
Hospital and Specialist Service
Care of the Eyes
Hearing Aids for Deafness
Medical Advice and Care in Maternity
Health Visitors and Home Nursing
Vaccination and Immunisation.

The Family Allowances Scheme of 1946 is outside the Insurance system but the part it plays in the structure of security must not be forgotten—nor indeed should we overlook free education with all its ancillaries. And in the background the National Assistance Scheme, designated successor to the defunct Poor Law, stands ready to catch the waifs and strays.

As to contributions there are corresponding and almost startling contrasts. In 1912 the employer paid 3*d.* per week, the male employee 4*d.*, for Health Insurance. "Ninepence for fourpence" was the cry, the additional twopence being roughly the equivalent of the State grant in aid of benefits. On the Unemployment side the employer paid 2½*d.*, the employee the same. Now for the combined and enlarged effort the employer pays 4*s.* 2*d.*, the employee 4*s.* 11*d.*, in the case of men. The shilling, not the penny, seems now to be the unit—as in many other fields. Nine and a penny for four and elevenpence is not a very terse slogan but it is good value. Even so it is not the whole story for large State grants supplement the contributions. How much for "five bob" would be an interesting calculation. But it all comes out of taxes and contributions.

A few contrasts in the rates of benefit may be noticed. The original sickness benefit was 10*s.* a week for men, 7*s.* 6*d.* for women and it lasted for 26 weeks. If incapacity continued, disablement benefit of 5*s.* a week followed on for as long as the insured person was unable to work. Now these are to be replaced by one sickness benefit of 26*s.* (the same for both sexes) to cover the whole period of certified incapacity and this sum is increased by 16*s.* for an adult dependant and 7*s.* 6*d.* for the first child under school-leaving age. (The younger children are cared for by the Family Allowances Scheme.) Thus a total of nearly £2 10*s.* a week might come to a family of three from these insurance sources.

Maternity benefit was 30*s.* in 1912. It is now to be £4 for each child and as well there is an allowance of 36*s.* a week up to 13 weeks to employed mothers who give up work. If not eligible for this allowance the mother will receive an attendance allowance of 20*s.* a week for 4 weeks. Thus the working woman may receive as much as £27 8*s.* the others £8 for each confinement.

The Sanatorium benefit (institutional) of the 1911 Act disappeared in 1921, and attention of this kind is provided by the Public Health Service. Unemployment benefit under Part II of the National Insurance Act of 1911 was 7*s.* a week. There have been various increases since then, and it is now to be 26*s.* a week with the same additions for dependants and children as in the case of sickness benefit.

Medical benefit under the 1911 Act was broadly what the General Practitioner could provide with, in addition, drugs and prescribed appliances. It is now to be enlarged to the comprehensive service summarised above.

The retirement pension will now stand at 26*s.* a week, with additions of 16*s.* for a dependant wife and 7*s.* 6*d.* for one child of school age.

The widow's allowance is 35*s.* a week for 13 weeks, with 7*s.* 6*d.* for the first child, and is followed by the widowed mother's allowance, 33*s.* 6*d.*, or the widow's pension of 26*s.* a week.

Beyond these enlargements of existing benefits there are the new features—guardian's allowance 12*s.* a week, death grant £20, and the industrial injury benefits which come in place of compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Acts. Here we find injury benefit 45*s.*, disablement benefit from 9*s.* to 45*s.* according to the degree of disablement, and death benefit (to be distinguished from the Death Grant) of 20*s.* or 30*s.* a week and 7*s.* 6*d.* for the first child of school age.

Thus over the whole range of the casualties of life we see an immense advance on the provision which was thought proper and reasonable in 1912. Even if we allow for the rise in the cost of living since then, there is beyond doubt a very substantial enlargement of the aid brought to the sick, the unemployed, the disabled and the aged. In the matter of entitlement to insurance we find, too, a remarkable change. The existing system provides in the main for persons employed under a contract of service. Now there will enter two new classes—the self-employed persons and the non-employed persons over school-leaving age and under 65 (women 60) on July 5th, 1948. In the Health Scheme practically every one may take part. Income limits have been swept away. Contributions don't matter.

It might be thought that the financial shock of two world wars would have put such great advances in the social services out of the question for the present and for any near future. Even in the interregnum between the two reigns of the War God, the Royal Commission of 1924 was oppressed with doubt. They sat for two years, heard 195 witnesses, and asked 25,000 questions. They looked imaginatively and generously at the prospects of advance and integration. But in the end they concluded that "only such extensions or modifications as involve no expenditure or can be met within the financial resources of the present scheme should be considered as immediately practicable."

A Minority Report did indeed dissent from this financial prudence and proposed various enlargements of money and medical benefits. But the Majority faced with a social services bill of £308 million (£112 m. from taxes, £79 m. from rates, £98 m. from one or other form of compulsory insurance) and the daunting picture of 1,200,000 unemployed, held back. "We feel," they said, "that there may come a time when the State may justifiably turn from searching its conscience to exploring its purse." With a further flight into the picturesque unusual in Blue Books, they added: "It is small consolation to a bankrupt to be told that his doctor's bills have been the main cause of his disaster." The Minority retorted somewhat ponderously: "In considering the cost of proposed developments of the Health Services there should be taken into account the loss to the nation resulting from neglect to provide sufficiently for the health of all persons who are or will be employable." In simpler words: "Call in your doctor in good time and you won't be bankrupt." But it is interesting to note that both Majority and Minority Reports were at one on the point that ultimately some great integration and expansion of the Health Services must come. The Majority said: "We feel sure that a steady expansion in these services will mark our future social history," and went on, "The ultimate solution will lie, we think, in divorcing the medical service entirely from the insurance system and recognising it along with all the other public health activities as a service to be supported from the general public funds." The Fabian Minority could hardly dissent from these propositions—and that is in essence what has now been planned. The administration of medical benefit will be dissevered from that of cash benefits, the Insurance Committees will disappear as separate health committees, the Approved Societies retire to the fields of private effort, the public and private health services will be brought together in a larger orbit, the insurance contributions will no longer be the financial basis of medical benefit, income limits will disappear.

Well, what are we to think of it all? Is it too rash? Apparently our rulers are ready to make an act of faith and take the risk. We are to shoulder the new burden—or, to put it more cheerfully, make the new investment with good hope that it will pay a large dividend in human and social well-being. That we are doing this undismayed by debt and deficit, dubious international relations and an ageing population is a great tribute to the courage and resilience of our people. Time will pronounce the verdict. But at any rate two old and well proved maxims underlie and inspire the new plan—the wisdom of saving for a rainy day even if the insured person saves by way of contributions enforced by law; the call to bear one another's burdens even if the modern gloss on that ancient text takes the form of compulsory taxation and compulsory insurance.

J. W. P.

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS told the other day by an "expert" that the dock strike was likely to go on for a long time because, on the P.A.Y.E. system, dockers who earn good wages can live for at least a month on the income-tax that they get back. I made some inquiries on this. I find that my expert grossly exaggerated when he said that many of the dockers would get back as much as £4 a week. In fact, it is only the very exceptionally paid man who gets anything like this sum even for the first week, and the amount returned rapidly diminishes. I did hear of one case of a docker who makes over £12 a week and received £4 back for one week of the strike. He reckoned that he had made a good thing out of the strike, because he had been able to paint his house himself, which would otherwise have cost him £20! He also saved £1 on fares which, with the £4 returned income-tax, made £25 saved! But he must have been almost unique. Another man whose earnings were above the average received only £1 2s. for the first week in returned income-tax, with less to come each subsequent week. It is clear that the expert was generalising from a very exceptional case, and, even so, extending over a month a factor that only operated in any important way for the first week.

* * *

Anyone who wants to understand the background of the Cominform decision to expel Tito should pay a visit to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *Crime Passionel* is not only a very exciting play—a mixture of Shaw and Koestler is how my companion described it!—but a really penetrating study of Communist psychology; and, queerly enough, the main character, Hoederer (the leader who is bumped off as a diversionist by the orthodox Stalinists), is a man of Tito's generous dimensions. Of course, the situation is different; the scene is laid in Eastern Europe during the German occupation and the particular problem which splits the Communists is whether to work with the reactionary national front against Hitler. But *Crime Passionel* is still topical because Sartre has succeeded in giving flesh and blood—humour as well as pathos—to the arid conflicts of Communist ideology. When I read the text of the Cominform communiqué at breakfast on Tuesday, I was inclined to laugh, until I remembered Roger Livesey as Hoederer faced with a similar crisis to that which confronts many honest Communists to-day. Then what seemed remote and almost absurd became tragedy.

* * *

On Sunday night I listened with admiration and astonishment to a vigorous and eloquent broadcast by my friend Wilson Harris. He was discussing the Lambeth Conference and the admittedly rather poor chances that the Church of England would save the world from "paganism." Why does the Church of England make so few recruits? The main answer is surely fairly simple. People are more interested in problems that we used to call religious than ever before, but the reason why they don't go to church is that they don't and can't believe what is taught there. Once people believed that they were going to heaven or hell in the same sense that they believed that they would get to Manchester if they started from Euston and to Brighton if they went from Victoria. Nothing can revive that belief. Once they believed that Christian precepts had something to do with public conduct. But why should Mr. Harris or anybody else expect people to go to church and listen with respect to a priest reading the Sermon on the Mount, when they know that atom bombs are being made for use? The Church decays because the doctrines so often seem irrelevant to the issues of life and death, about which it is supposed to give the answers.

* * *

How effective a Left "smear" can be even in learned circles has been shown in the Royal Society Conference on Scientific Information. Professor J. D. Bernal has never disguised his Leftist views, but no one can accuse him, for instance, of a Marxist interpretation of crystallography, and his academic status is of the highest. As an official of the Conference and as a Fellow of the Royal Society, he submitted a "cockshy" proposal for the better distribution of scientific information. At the moment over 750,000 research papers are published every year in some 40,000 journals throughout the world. Although the scientists' object in publishing the papers is to draw their colleagues' attention to valuable work done, a large proportion of their published work is lost in the deluge. Before the Conference opened, and while the material was still *sub judice*, Dr. J. R. Baker and Dr. A. G. Tansley, the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza of the "Society for Freedom of Science," to whom Bernal; nicknamed "The Sage," is just poison-ivy, rushed into *The Times* with a yelp of "Totalitarianism." *The Times* took its cue and denounced Bernal as "cavalier" and "insidious," and the hounds bayed in the correspondence columns. Bernal withdrew his paper to avoid embarrassing his colleagues, and only succeeded in embarrassing them more because his proposals were the only concrete basis for discussion.

* * *

Burmese anger, as this journal reported a fortnight ago, is naturally roused by unreasonable demands for compensation made by some British firms. But the blame is not always put in the right place. The legal claim for compensation from the Burmese Government for property blown up by the British Forces to "deny" its use by the Japanese, was described by us as "fantastic"—not in the sense that the sum claimed is high (the amount has not, I think, been published here), but in the sense that it is fantastic to make the claim against the Burmese instead of the British Government. In fact it is clear from a letter published here last week that this writ was issued as a legal safeguard on the advice of H.M. Government.

* * *

The few strawberries left on the cart were 1s. 3d. a half-pound and looked a little squashy after their day in the open air. "I should have thought you'd have almost given them away at this time in the evening," I said to the barrow boy. "We shouldn't be able to pay our expenses if we did that," he answered. "But you don't pay any rent for a shop." "No, but we have to pay the fines." For the first ten or eleven times, he and his mate told me, the magistrate usually only charges you ten shillings. Then it goes up to fifteen shillings and a pound. Allowing £3 10s. a week for fines, it is still more profitable than renting a shop front in an out-of-the-way district, or halting the barrow in one of the side streets, where they are allowed. They didn't think the fines unfair. Of course, they got in the way of the traffic. If there were no fines, there would be thousands of barrow boys all over the place. The fines leave the field open to the toughest who know how to calculate the hazards. They are really the rent paid for desirable business locations. It seems an odd system. But their complaint was different. "But we are insulted all day long. Everyone tells us our stuff is no good. But they buy it just the same."

* * *

Our hospitals, condemned to die
As charitable institutions,
Will rise again supported by
Involuntary contributions.

* * *

This incident happened in New York:—

The other day Stephen Spender was waiting on the platform in Bronxville, a well-dressed lady, a typical Westchester resident, approached him. "You are really Mr. Stephen Spender?" she said. He nodded. "I wonder," she went on, "if you would mind reciting some of your poetry for me while we wait for the train?" Spender said he was afraid he did mind. "Oh," snorted the lady, "so you don't know anything by heart!" And she stalked off. It's a hard life here for a distinguished poet.

CRITIC

YOURS FRATERNALLY

"Tito accuses the sister parties of the Cominform of accepting Soviet strictures without hearing the Yugoslav case."—*Daily Express, June 30th*, 1948.

Cominform:

"The Cominform expels you, little brother,
You would not heed our brotherly advice,
When Marxist comrades criticise each other
Full recantation only will suffice.

Your anti-Soviet nationalist line
The basic class war seeks to undermine,
Your policy is hateful,
Your attitude ungrateful,
You are simply a reactionary swine.

You spurn the road of Bolshevist correction,
The kulak's liquidation is too slow,
You give no proof of Marxist introspection,
You pose as Yugoslavia's Uncle Joe.

In your counter-revolutionary nest
All simple Party members are suppressed,
To ideologic error
You add a Turkish terror,
Fraternal Soviet spies your spies molest.

You call the Soviet State imperialistic,
Your proletarian masses are not free,
Your People's Front is anti-Communistic,
You're building up the bloody bourgeoisie.

The solid Socialism of the East
You have not split or shaken in the least,
But your policy we veto,
You are sacked, ex-comrade Tito,
You're a filthy, flaming, bloody, bourgeois beast."

Tito:

"My Marxist zeal has never been suspected,
It need not be fraternally discussed,
Your insults and perversions are rejected
With absolute, unqualified disgust.

I also claim the right to criticise,
Your baseless accusations I despise,
Fraternally, dear sisters,
You're a lot of dirty twisters,
And your slanders just a pack of bloody lies."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

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On the north wall there is a large painting of the Trinity in which the figure of the Almighty is about life-size . . .—From a Letter to *The Times*. (A. G. Smith.)

"When I saw the policeman staring at me and I asked him what he was looking at, he said he couldn't make up his mind."—*Evening News*. (L. R. Wickham.)

"If a person wants to grumble, he is entitled to grumble. If he wants to criticise he is entitled to criticise, but he is not entitled to choke and strike his wife and burn the curtains."—*Daily Graphic*. (Kathryn Royston.)

"I joined the Conservative club because it had a bar and the Labour club because it had a billiards table," he explained to me plaintively. "Now I don't know which to resign from. The committees of both seemed pained when I suggested the clubs should amalgamate. I pointed out that in the main topic of discussion they were fully agreed—how to stop these French horses winning all our classic races."—*Reynolds News*. (F. Cummins.)

His wife cried, "For God's sake, don't kill him, he's a clergyman."—*Evening News*. (Leonard Grugeon.)

"Kisses on letters often mean nothing. It is common form for a wife to write to her husband saying she dislikes him intensely and ending with a long line of kisses."—*Daily Herald*. (Allan M. Laing.)

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DOCK STRIKE LESSONS

FOR two weeks about four-fifths of London's dock workers ignored the appeals of their official trade union leaders and supported their own unofficial committee by staying on strike. The morning after Mr. Attlee's broadcast a huge majority of them at a big meeting accepted their strike committee's recommendation that they should go back to work. This is a triumph for Mr. Attlee, but the strike committee is not unjustified in claiming some measure of victory for itself. It has proved conclusively enough that most of the London dockers are prepared to accept its leadership. Defeated generals who can still rely on an army to follow them remain people of consequence.

The strike has shown that some 20,000 London dockers and at least several thousand men on Merseyside were ready to rebel against the official leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union—and at considerable cost to themselves. Attention has naturally been focused on the national cost of the strike in terms of threatened rations and lost trade, but the dockers have had to pay a personal cost as well. Two weeks' wages gone is a heavy strain on many family budgets, and but for the Prime Minister's dramatic intervention there might have been still more wageless weeks. But the men accepted this, rather than give way on what they felt to be a "principle."

The direct cause of the strike was a local dock Labour Board's use of the penal clauses in the dock labour scheme to inflict a punishment on 11 men which they and their mates considered to be unjust. The clause provides that where a registered dock worker "fails to comply" with any of the provisions in the scheme, the local board—which is a joint body, representing both dockers and employers—may do one of four things. It may (a) determine "for such period as it thinks proper" that the offending docker shall not be entitled to the guaranteed minimum of 88s. a week but be dependent solely on his actual earnings, (b) suspend him without pay for not more than a week, (c) give him a week's notice of dismissal, or (d) dismiss him summarily. The men do not much like any of these clauses, but they particularly object to the vagueness of (a) and to the finality of dismissal. The old gibe that freedom in a capitalist system meant freedom to starve contained some truth, but there were other freedoms as well. One of them was the freedom to have a row with one's boss and to walk out of his place at liberty to try for a job across the road. Registration and the guaranteed minimum have freed the docker from the threat of starvation, but they have curtailed his freedom to have individual rows. Being struck off the register means exactly the same for a docker nowadays as it does for a doctor, or for a solicitor who is struck off the roll—not only the loss of one's job, but the end of one's livelihood.

Now the dockers are perfectly ready to accept that there are "bad hats" who may have to be sacked. The safeguard against injustice under the penal clauses lies first in the joint constitution of the boards which administer discipline, and, secondly, in the theory that trade union representation on the boards will give confidence to all the workers that their liberties are fully protected. But it is just this confidence that is lacking. The men feel that too many of their officials have become bureaucrats, and that the individual with a complaint to be remedied is about as forlorn a figure as the individual trying to get a complicated permit out of the Civil Service. It is pent-up frustrations of this sort that burst out suddenly into a strike, and produced the spectacle of Mr. Arthur Deakin, the head of the biggest trade union in the world, being flatly rejected by a large body of the men he is supposed to lead.

The strike committee's main quarrel all along was with Mr. Deakin and with some of the other high officials of his union. They obviously did not want to declare war on the Government; and as soon as it was clear that the only alternative to calling off the strike was to defy the Government, the strike was called off. Here again, the unofficial committee seems to have been close to the general feeling of the men. The committee has kept itself in being and demanded a public inquiry. Clearly, one of the subjects of inquiry must be the difficult problem of ensuring adequate expression of grievances by trade unions whose leaders are at the same time participating in management. This difficulty arises particularly in the case of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which has now once again proved too cumbersome in its constitution to maintain touch with its members or to exercise any influence with them in the novel circumstances of full employment. Surely one part of the solution must be the division of this unwieldly union, which now includes dockers and other water-side workers, canal and road transport workers and a host of miscellaneous trades ranging from tin-plating to flour-milling.

One may have some sympathy for Mr. Deakin. He is the head of this immensely complicated union, with 1,300,000 members in an infinite variety of jobs, with a paid staff of nearly 1,200 people, and with funds totalling between five and six million pounds. Furthermore, he is constantly concerned with the high policies of the T.U.C., both national and international. Whatever his influence in these higher spheres, he has clearly shown himself to have next to none with the London dockers. It was not Mr. Deakin who ended the strike. It was Mr. Attlee and the strike committee with whom Mr. Deakin refused to negotiate. This particular strike has ended, but unless some radical things are done, there is no guarantee that trouble may not break out again.

TENSION IN BERLIN

(From a special correspondent in Berlin)

THINGS in Berlin have travelled a long way since Marshal Sokolovsky blew up the Control Council on March 20, and they have travelled very fast. Now, compromise solutions which, though difficult to stomach, could have been at least debated six months and even three months ago appear utterly to lack in appreciation of the far-reaching implications involved. Hence the apprehensive talk of Munich in this city.

There is, seen in retrospect, some truth in the reproach advanced by responsible Germans that the Munich agreement broke the back of the German anti-Hitler opposition; the parallel with to-day is not overlooked. Most Germans have ceased to differentiate between Hitler and Stalin, Nazis and Communists. The identity in outlook and method has revealed itself so closely that even vital differences are ignored. Only a purely mechanically functioning brain could conceive the order forbidding the delivery of milk for small children from the Eastern Sector of Berlin to the Western Sectors, wrote one paper here yesterday. And this German frame of mind now weighs heavily in the balance. Whatever steps Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall take in the coming week they will require full German support in order to have meaning and become effective or they are likely to bring down with a crash the whole edifice of Western solidarity.

To say that currency reform has precipitated the expected crisis in Berlin is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The Berlin crisis had been carefully "laid on" and showed its first unmistakable symptoms long before that. If Western currency reform had not come when it did the attempt to squeeze the Allies out of the city and firmly reincorporate it in the Soviet Zone would have been made in any case this summer. Sokolovsky had two wooden planks removed from the Helmstedt emergency bridge over the Autobahn, thereby virtually stopping all road traffic in and out of Berlin, two days before currency reform was announced in the West. He pulled up the rails on the Berlin Helmstedt railway line, thus stopping all food deliveries for Berlin from the West before the Allies decided to introduce Western currency in their sectors. To accuse the Allies now of failing to supply their quotas in food and coal and to retaliate by cutting off milk, vegetables and electric current after rendering the Allies physically incapable of fulfilling their duty is the kind of hypocrisy which no longer even arouses anger. The design behind it is too obvious.

The background to the crisis is plain. It is of a purely political character. The London conference of the Western Powers convinced the Russians that they would not be allowed unilateral influence on the fate of Western Germany while denying the Western Allies an interest in their zone. They decided that they must put their own house in order first and try to reconquer the West later. In order to obtain the free hand necessary for this, the Control Council had to go. In blowing it up they had hoped the Western Powers would draw the consequences and leave Berlin.

When the West failed to see the logic of this argument they decided to force them out. From the Soviet point of view, a not completely Sovietised Berlin in the middle of the Soviet Zone is an absurdity. It is more than that, it is a permanent powerful irritant and it has now, with the currency complication on top of it, become a danger to the stability of their whole system.

What, then, is to be done? The charge that the Western Powers only added to economic confusion in Berlin by introducing their currency in their sectors may have some economic force. Politically, however, it was unfounded unless the acceptance of the Soviet currency for all Berlin had been accompanied by a simultaneous withdrawal from Berlin.

As it was, the non-introduction of Western currency in Berlin would have cost the Allies all sympathies of the Berliners, who expected this move and counted upon it lest their economy be finally made part of that party monopoly capitalism which is in fact what the Soviet currency reform amounts to. The Western Powers showed more sense and sympathy with Berliners than was commonly expected of them by allowing both currencies, their own and the Eastern money, to circulate and have validity in their sectors, but this cut off their retreat finally and for good.

As a by-product the arrival of Eastern money in Berlin showed up the Eastern currency reform for the amateurish scheme it is, but was not expected to be. The Russian reform was technically badly handled—vast quantities of the devaluation stamps to be pasted on the old notes were stolen and immediately sold in the Black Market. As I write, the old, valueless German notes have a higher Black Market rate than the new revaluated ones, and the only "good" money in Berlin is the Western mark. Experts predict that within a few days it will dominate even trade in the Eastern sector, as it dominates the Black Market there already. Nothing short of a departure of the Allies from Berlin can now rid the Russians of this pest, which threatens to undermine their entire economic system, since it will not be long before the Western mark is hoarded "against the day" in places like Dresden and Leipzig. High prices will be paid for it here.

Will the Russians climb down? It remains to be seen, but it seems unlikely. The Western Allies in any case have so deeply committed themselves to the fate of Berlin that a withdrawal based on a compromise (in such an event the Helmstedt Bridge and railway line would be found miraculously restored overnight) would damage their name and reputation in all Germany beyond any hope of repair. About this there should be no doubt in anybody's mind. Once out of Berlin nothing they can say or do in Western Germany will convince people there that the same performance will not be repeated sooner or later in Hamburg and Frankfurt. The maintenance of the Berlin outpost to-day has become indispensable for the stability of confidence in Western Germany.

On the presumably correct assumption that the Western Powers do not intend to mobilise and threaten war, the only possible course seems to be to relieve the situation by air and to hope for something to turn up. It looks as if this is what we intend to do, and it may not be the most impractical solution.

THE DILEMMA OF A CZECH REFUGEE

(The author of this was until recently editor of the Prague "Daily Review" and commentator on the English transmissions from Radio Prague.)

When in the last decade of the 18th century the emigré French aristocracy made Coblenz on the Rhine their headquarters from which to direct their unrelenting struggle against the young republic, the term "Coblençard" became part of the French political vocabulary. It originally denoted a reactionary who—from outside the borders of France—plotted the downfall of the rule of the people, with the help of foreign intervention, the future Holy Alliance. Later it came to be applied by the French "front populaire" in the thirties to its opponents, who then looked to Britain and even Germany to put an end to the Communist-Socialist-Radical coalition.

To-day, three years after the war which was to free man from tyranny and oppression, there are again men in Paris, London and Washington who preferred exile to office, the hardships of emigration to submission to slavery, while to others their countries had nothing to offer but exile or the gallows. Throughout history men have opposed regimes and have sought and found refuge abroad. During their years of exile they, naturally enough, worked and planned for the downfall of those regimes which made them homeless and often friendless refugees. Sometimes their designs, hatched out during long and painful years, were destined to become bold patterns woven into the intricate tapestry of history, but more often, after years of futile scheming, these refugees had to admit themselves beaten by the inexorable march forward of history.

The February Revolution in Prague added to the new emigration from Eastern and Central Europe a number of men who, if I know anything about the subtle technique of defamation evolved by the Communist International (which only the ingenuous and gullible believed to have been disbanded in 1943), will soon be denounced as traitors to their country by the Prague Government and the obsequious press at its disposal. A prominent Czech journalist, a man of high integrity and patriotism, put into words what thousands like him in Czechoslovakia sincerely believe to-day when he said: "What's the use of emigrating, even if one could? The only hope of these men from Eastern and Central Europe who are to-day refugees in the West is war, since there is no earthly chance of the regime being overthrown in any other way. If I went with you, I should face two alternatives: I should have to become an instrument to bring about war against Russia, which I should never do, or else, if there will be no war, I shall remain the eternal refugee—and look at the wretched crowd of White Russians who have been dreaming of the overthrow of Bolshevism ever since 1917!"

Is it a fact that the men who were exiled by the new rulers of Czechoslovakia and branded as traitors by a dismally *gleichgeschaltet* Press, have to become "Coblençards" in order to fight the perpetuation of authoritarian Communism and of unquestioning subservience to Russia? I think not, for although it looks at present as if the drift towards war cannot be checked without a complete reversal of Russian policy, it would be a fatal mistake to assume that Soviet policy to-day betokens strength rather than fear. Russia's frantic efforts to erect what she believes will serve as a "cordon sanitaire" against "infection" from the West, has led many people in the West to the wholly mistaken conclusion that she is aiming at a "showdown." "The lesson of Prague" has been a favourite subject of leader writers and columnists for the last two months, but it seems to me that one lesson of Prague has received scant attention: in Czechoslovakia the Communists, after almost three years—with the Ministry of Information and the radio in their hands—in which to "sell Communism" to the people, knew that they were facing defeat in the free and secret elections slated for May: hence February, 1948, in Prague!

It must be said here that one of the causes of the overthrow of democracy in Czechoslovakia was the fact that both Britain and the U.S.A. had written off that country as lost "behind the Iron Curtain" at a time when the anti-Communist parties were still putting up a gallant and effective struggle against Communist encroachments on civil liberties. America's failure to grant Czechoslovakia the 350 million dollar loan she had asked from the International Bank, Socialist Britain's belated realisation that the small but sturdy Social Democratic Party held the casting vote for the country's future, the campaign of vilification against Czechoslovakia in certain sections of the Western Press at a time when that country was far from having knuckled under to Soviet or Communist pressure, the fatal tendency to lump together Tito's Yugoslavia and Benes's Czechoslovakia under the facile title of "Russian satellites"—all these factors contributed to the collapse of the non-Communist parties (when the Communists thought the moment to strike had come).

But to return to my question: are we, Czechoslovak emigrés, doomed to become the "Coblençards" of the twentieth century; are we, in fact, reduced to helping to bring about a "Holy Alliance" against the Soviet Union? I think the answer is partly supplied by the result of the Italian elections, which have shown that it can be concretely demonstrated to a people—even if the demonstration did not always strictly comply with the orthodox rule of democratic fair play—"on which side their bread is buttered." If Italy had been written off as "hopeless" just as Czechoslovakia was when nothing was farther from the truth, Signor Togliatti and Mr. Molotov would to-day be ruling Italy. "But it is too late in Czechoslovakia," people will say. Yet aren't they the same people who see in what has happened in Prague, Warsaw, Bucharest, Budapest and Sofia nothing but the apparent "invincibility" of the Kremlin and its foreign servants? Aren't they forgetting that a hundred million people are to-day ruled by Communism in the new "people's democracies," not because they were won over to the cause of Communism but because a majority of them failed to be won over?

To-day, Communists in the Eastern half of Europe are preaching, day in, day out, to the masses, on whose support they must ultimately depend, if Communism and Soviet Russia are, in fact, to gain the unassailable position which is falsely ascribed to them to-day, that ERP will either fail altogether or else will reduce Europe to the state of a vassal of "U.S. imperialism." Western Union is hysterically denounced as a plot to encircle the Soviet Union and to destroy the "new democracies." Britain is painted as having delivered herself, hands and feet bound, to American capitalism, and as having abandoned, under U.S. pressure, her Socialist experiment. France is ghoulishly described as facing an imminent neo-fascist "dictatorship" under de Gaulle. Millions of people in Eastern Europe to-day, far from having swallowed the poisoned Communist bait, are waiting for the Western democracies to demonstrate the success of the freely undertaken mutual and self-help provided by E.R.P.; they are looking to the U.S.A. to disprove the Communist demagogues' contention that its aim is the economic subjugation of the 16 Marshall countries and the violation of their political sovereignty. But they are also looking to Britain to carry to its successful conclusion her brave experiment of social justice for all while fully maintaining her system of political democracy. Nothing would be more cruel a blow to the muzzled peoples behind the Iron Curtain, which has now become a desperate reality, than the knowledge that, by once again "writing off" Eastern Europe, their countries are debarred for good and all from rejoining the family of free and truly sovereign nations.

If this demonstration is given, then the sermons of hate and slander against Western democracies will not only fall on deaf ears, but will, on the contrary, turn against their authors. Then, no secret police, no censorship, no regimentation, no Soviet pressure will be able to prevent the ultimate downfall of the new tyrannies. If the West succeeds in combining freedom and prosperity, while the East, having lost liberty, does not see prosperity coming visibly nearer in its Soviet-imposed isolation from the rest of the world, then the cause of democracy will have gained a victory which no third world war could hope to bring about.

To this end (we, the new emigrés, branded as traitors and conspirators by our self-appointed or fake-elected rulers, can contribute by our labours without bearing the stigma of the new "Coblençards" calling for war, revenge and destruction. The finality of the new regimes in Eastern Europe is a myth, the belief that war is the only means for their removal is folly, but to leave one-half of Europe, millions of democrats and lovers of freedom, to their fate would not only be a crime but madness, for this continent of ours is truly one and indivisible.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

THE BLOOD OF THE GOAT

Yesterday morning we were sitting on the verandah of the little coral and thatched beach house at Diani which we had rented for a month. It was the hottest time of the day, and we were waiting for the breeze to get up. A wide semi-circle of coral encloses a lagoon of pale green and dark blue water, its stillness emphasised by the breaking waters of the reef and the ruffled open sea beyond. The coconut palm trees throw a striped, stark pattern of light and shadow on the sandy ground.

Diani is a popular seaside resort in Kenya. The land along this wonderful beach with its safe bathing has been sold in plots of not less than 25 acres, costing £150 per acre. Lying just 20 miles south of Mombasa, Diani is not Darkest Africa. It is brilliantly sunlit seaside; children play with bucket and spade; young women flaunt the latest beachwear; and our house boasts a refrigerator. The African villages are two miles inland and you only see the native population when it comes to fish or to sell fruit and vegetables.

Suddenly, yesterday morning we sensed a throbbing in the air. Not an aeroplane. A native drum—that liquid, pulsating, insistent throbbing. The whole atmosphere of the estate agents' beach was changed in an instant. We hastily moved towards the sound and saw a procession of some fifty Africans, men, women and children, issuing out of the palm trees on to the beach. A white goat was being dragged along at the head of the straggling procession. The drum, its two monotonous notes playing on your nerve strings as though they were actually being touched, was louder and faster and more and still more insistent.

"Whatever's up?" we asked each other as we hurried along. I had seized my camera, and when I saw Juma, the gardener, also hurrying along the beach, I asked him if he thought they would mind my taking photographs. He smiled sweetly and said "No, they wouldn't mind." Nevertheless I approached cautiously.

The head of the procession was now some thirty yards into the sea. The tail stopped short of the water. Nobody had lifted their clothes; they had marched straight into the sea, not dancing but swaying slightly. I suddenly realised what was going to happen to the goat. I felt sick. A multitude of thoughts churned in my mind, and I remembered there would be meat for lunch. I decided to watch.

The black bodies against the sea, which was a sea of light rather than of water, were crowding round the leaders of the procession. Suddenly there was a brilliant explosion of light as something flashed through the air and the sea was stained with red. Then two men were carrying out the goat, a wide gaping wound in its throat through which the blood was pouring into the blue water.

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Chattering and laughing, they threw the goat on to the beach, where it twitched and writhed and bubbled for another five minutes. I forced myself to stay and watch, conscious all the while of the twitching white body and the last blood on the champagne-coloured sand, and the humans, living a life no easier than the life they make their animals live, laughing and excited, not indifferent to, but unaware of, the suffering of their brother the goat.

I turned to the sea. A woman was being immersed in the water and two men were passing their hands all over her body, touching her genital organs, pressing their cheeks on her cheeks. She drank the hot blood, the fertility of the goat. She stood as if in a trance, nearly falling as they pushed her this way and that. I ventured to take a photograph; two of the men close to the woman saw me and, not awed as I was by the ceremony, fell roaring with laughter into the sea and dived underneath.

I could only see the woman occasionally; the witch doctor and his assistants were pressing closely round her. They parted to allow a basket-work tray of fruit, with a little paper flag on it, to be carried ashore. Those round the woman began to lose interest and to turn to us. I took several more photographs, and suddenly found myself surrounded by a crowd of women. Into their midst suddenly thrust an old hag. Frowning and shouting, with an almost hysterical note in her voice, she said in Swahili: "What do you mean by taking pictures of us without giving us money?"

"I didn't take your photograph," I said. "What?" she asked, a little taken aback. Then she looked round the crowd. "Well, you made pictures of my children." "Are these all your children?" I asked, waving a hand. The crowd laughed and I realised I had won my battle with the old bully. "Yes, yes, these are all my children." The crowd laughed again "What," I said, "All these, every single one?" "*Ndio, wote, wote.*" I spotted a baby being given the breast. "Even this one?" She was really flummoxed for a moment. "Well, no, but its mother is mine." Again the crowd laughed, and I walked away without giving her a cent.

I asked Juma what was the matter with the sick woman. "Well," pointing to his stomach, "she has difficulty in getting the children out and when they do come they are sick and die. She has a devil. Now she has eaten the blood of the goat and the little pieces of fruit, and she will be quite all right."

As I walked away I remembered all the stories I had read of Witches' Sabbaths and the sacrifice of white goats and Black Masses. But this ceremony we had just witnessed had nothing of Evil in it. It was a matter of fact ceremony to cure a sick woman. There was no appeal to Evil. There was a propitiation of powerful, displeased or merely indifferent, Gods, and a cleansing and strengthening of a weak vessel of the seed of the human race. There was something frightening in the impossibility of discussion, in the knowledge that there was no seat there for the God of Reason.

Even the death of the goat was not evil, except in so far as mankind is a diseased and parasitical growth in the world. There was no palliation to be found in the circumstances of its death. I recalled what Cunningham Graham wrote of the agonised death of some fishes: "Condemned to agony for some strange reason, or perhaps because, as every living thing is born to suffer, they were enduring but their fair proportion, as they happened to be fish."

That night at seven o'clock a speck of orange light appeared on the horizon of the eastern sky. In a few moments a monstrously big, clumsy orange ball smoothly ascended the sky. The full moon marks over billions of years a recurrent, never resolved crisis in the struggle for life. By the time it topped the palm trees it was transformed into a delicately pale sphere with a wake of cold silver on the sea that had washed away the blood of the goat.

M. I. MUMFORD

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

It has been a week characterised by more than usually good measure of more than usually interesting feature programmes. From the West Region, Mr. Gerald Brenan and Mr. Desmond Hawkins celebrated midsummer by surveying Stonehenge from a variety of angles: a programme rich in content though a little old-fashioned in presentation. In the *Focus* series, Mr. Farquharson Small and Mr. Joe Burroughs, aided by the indefatigable Mr. Graham Hutton, translated the facts of the national income into readily comprehensible, human terms by inducing five representative workers and their wives to compare the contents and the disbursal of their wages packets. But journalism that is not up to the minute is dead, and the programme gave an unfortunate impression of having been recorded while utility furniture was still rationed. Mr. Wightman's remarks at the end added nothing except embarrassment: we may surely take it for granted that we are a mighty fine people; and is it not time that the B.B.C. banned, except in the scripts of politicians, all invocations of the Dunkirk spirit?

Georgian Magazine raises problems of its own. Mr. Dick Cross, with boldness verging on rashness, has committed himself to tell the story of eighteenth-century England in three programmes of one hour each. The first programme took us from 1715 to 1756. It was constantly entertaining and often technically admirable; the crowd scenes were handled with great assurance by the producer, Mr. Vernon Harris, and the hanging of Jack Sheppard was horridly convincing. But inevitably one quarrels with Mr. Cross's selection of his material. His eighteenth century is the eighteenth century as seen in Fielding, Smollett and Hogarth, the eighteenth century of stench, bawdry, horse-play and gin. It is a real aspect of the century, but as presented by Mr. Cross only of partial truth because he omitted precisely such men as Fielding, Smollett and Hogarth, the great moralists, or indeed any reference to the art and ideas of the age. If the century contained nothing of more significance than was represented in *Georgian Magazine* no one except the professional historian would ever bother about it.

Has a more moving or inspiring programme than Mrs. Dorothy Baker's adaptation of Mme. Hélène Jeanty's book *Certified Sane* ever been broadcast? Of all the marginal stories of the war none is more remarkable or heroic than that of Mme. Jeanty, a woman comparable in largeness of spirit with Nurse Cavell. Caught by the Gestapo hiding a British pilot, she pretended insanity in order to protect her family and the members of the underground movement who had brought the pilot to her, and kept up the pretence almost until her liberation by the Americans from a German lunatic asylum. Even while she posed as mad her beauty of mind was such that she seems always to have been able to establish personal relations with her captors. Mrs. Baker's script and Miss Wayne's production alike showed exquisite tact; together they made a perfect translation to radio; while Miss Fay Compton's Mme. Jeanty was most affectingly convincing. Mme. Jeanty herself appeared at the end of the programme, to plead for the displaced persons for whom she is now working in Germany. One had the feeling of immediate contact with positive human goodness.

The average talk, as compared with the feature, suffers from the point of view of radio—as the existence of *The Listener* shows—from the fact that it might just as well be read as listened to. But once in a while one hears a talk that exists in its own right as a talk, that would lose its essential quality if transferred to print. Such was Mr. Raymond Postgate's *Cloth Cap and Red Flag*, the best talk one has heard for months. In it such figures as John Burns, Tom Mann and A. J. Cook, men whose like we shall probably not see again, were most vividly and often poignantly evoked in all their strength, disinterestedness and weakness.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Oliver Twist," at Marble Arch Odeon
"Fort Apache," at Tivoli and New Gallery
"A Woman's Jealousy," at Tottenham Court Road Odeon

Mr. David Lean, one of our most gifted directors seems to have shifted more than temporarily from Coward to Dickens. Myself I think the change of allegiance a pity: Dickens is a fat novelist who won't be squeezed into a slim medium. However, there we are. *Oliver Twist* follows *Great Expectations*, and doesn't quite match it. Why, I wonder? Oliver Twist himself (Master John Howard Davies) is alive and appealing, the grim background has been beautifully caught, and several scenes bring not only Dickens but Cruikshank vividly to the eye. I am thinking of the thin, ragged figures, the occasional scenes of pandemonium, and especially the thieves' kitchen with its footbridge over a narrow street and St. Paul's in the offing. Mr. Alec Guinness's Fagin is a masterly representation. We all remember that hook-nosed monster with the light of terror in his eye as Cruikshank pictured him in the condemned cell, a scene, for some inexplicable reason, omitted from the film. But how does Fagin move and talk? That also we know from the page, but such wraiths of macabre fantasy are hard to envisage in the flesh. Mr. Guinness wonderfully does the trick; if I were to re-read Dickens now I should hear Mr. Guinness's thick caressing accents and see him dancing to and fro, with flat hat and long skirts, the devil's parody of a priest. There is a touch of impishness as well as evil about Fagin, and I cannot imagine these scenes being better, or indeed now, otherwise done.

Other assets of Mr. Lean's *Oliver Twist* are the dramatic opening (Oliver's mother stumbling over the heath to the workhouse where she gives birth and dies), actors of such calibre as Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, and Francis L. Sullivan, and a pictorial intensity that rarely flags. Then why is the total effect not more impressive? The simplest answer, as I've suggested, is that you can't trim down a whacking big novel as replete with realism, comedy, sentiment and the grotesque as this one, into two hours of the screen. Thus we have a flabbily diverting Bumble (who produces his final "The law is a hass" as though it were a quotation from somewhere), a Sikes more somnambulist than hair-raising, and such cinema clichés as the roof-top climax followed by a happy family reunion. Despite a mild feeling, however, of having been let down I should point out that I enjoyed *Oliver Twist*.

Fort Apache tells a simple but sufficient story of an outpost in the Redskin wars, a disillusioned officer who inspires his men and then pigheadedly leads them to their death, the officers' ball and the non-commissioned dance, some roaring Irish sergeants, a handsome lieutenant in love with the Colonel's daughter, etc. The unsmiling martinet is, as you might expect (since the film has been made by John Ford), Mr. Henry Fonda. To watch him with set features nimbly if unwillingly leading a polka is to realise the heights of dutiful inflexibility. The film, though not one of Ford's best, fills the screen with its magnificent Arizona landscapes. The smallest action is made to tell in that setting.

A Woman's Jealousy—otherwise *The Gioconda Smile*—brings us, if not essence of Huxley, at least an intelligent, well-written thriller with Mr. Charles Boyer (who can do this sort of thing on his head) as the amorist of different shades accused of poisoning his wife. The climax is no less exciting because it does not involve chasing over the roof tops or stepping off a cliff, and to these final scenes Miss Jessica Tandy, as one who knows her Modiglianis but not her Boyers, brings a rare understanding.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BALLET

"The Clock Symphony," at Covent Garden

The new Massine ballet announced several months ago turns out to be the sort of job he used to run up in four or five weeks during his intensive creative period of the 1930s. It also, for me, turns out to be a less inventive work, in all its parts, than any previous Massine work between 1925 and 1947.

Though written to a symphony, it hasn't the le

connection with that great corpus of "symphonic ballets" he produced a dozen years ago. Haydn is just another composer of works in suitably rhythmic sections, occupying a convenient number of minutes, which can be used as components for ballets. On this symphony Massine has erected a fantasy almost entirely lacking in any sort of fantastication; too many styles of dancing, none of them dominant, are imposed on both Insect aristocracy and the *chinoiserie* figures of The Clock.

A Clockmaker offers his masterpiece to an Insect King when he comes as suitor for the King's daughter. A group of aristocratic suitors, jealous of the artisan's product, send their pages to sabotage the mechanism, as a result of which Mandarins, Genies, Comedians, Sages *et al.* erupt from The Clock to provide a divertissement. Ultimately the damage is rectified, the evil-doers forgiven and the Clockmaker wins the Princess. All charming enough if done with the lightest of touches—but what should be a *soufflé* turns out a dish of indigestible lumps. With half the number of dancers, a unified movement style, fewer "devices" cluttering the stage and clean, vivid lighting, this ballet might be a gay item to balance some of the more earnest programmes in the Sadler's Wells repertoire.

The subject has overawed the designer with its possibilities for furniture, structures, drapes, and costumes delirious with trimmings, and M. Christian Berard includes most of the clichés already seen in his film and ballet designing. This catalogue of regretful denigrations from one of M. Massine's firmest admirers closes on a note of thanks to conductor and orchestra for a clear and undistorted rendering of Haydn's contribution to the evening's misery.

A. V. COTON

L.C.C.'s OPEN-AIR FREE-FOR-ALL

THE L.C.C.'s free-for-all open-air exhibition of pictures in the gardens by Charing Cross station is continuing for another week—until July 3rd.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about it has been the size and denseness of the throng. Every lunch time it has been thick, but seven o'clock in the evening usually saw it so thick that many of the artists found it almost impossible to get in touch with prospective purchasers if they remained on the park benches, and so they perched themselves on campstools below the picture-covered screens. (Seven to eight, one was told, was the best time for sales.) About eight-thirty the pictures began to disappear into the cloak room at the Underground station and weary artists returned home to set their alarm clocks for six next morning.

After looking at the throng one looked at the pictures. A few bore names one had seen in dealers galleries, but most of the signatures were unfamiliar and belonged to artists still at art schools, or very newly out of them—artists who were facing, with remarkable cheerfulness, that grim period in a painter's career when he must, *must*, begin to earn something, somehow. Are the sales worth all this campstool sitting? For a week or a fortnight maybe, but what if the L.C.C. decides to put it on a permanent basis? The ex-Service ex-students chatted when the throng thinned.

But these were not the only artists. There was the chap who did doggies (and kiddies) from photos. There was the tailor-made lady, not young, from an outer suburb with careful watercolours. There was the naïve religious painter and the naïve flower-painter, and even (so strange a world we live in) the naïve, self-taught cubist. There were efficient commercial specialists. The artists were an interesting, varied lot, but one constantly turned from the pictures to look again at the throng. It was salutary to watch these picture-lovers of London file past—humble, puzzled picture-lovers, unaware that Bond Street existed. Have these ordinary chaps and girls any real contact with the arts of to-day? Most modern poetry is hopelessly arcane, and modern music too, and the pictures are hidden in Bond Street galleries. For pictorial art, at any rate, there is a hunger that photography has completely failed to satisfy; and so the crowd filled the asphalt path, and someone said, "I rather like that," selecting diffidently and, it seemed, almost at random, some picture from the strange miscellany.

STEPHEN BONE

Correspondence

THE WIDER OUTLOOK

SIR,—Your leading article on the Economic Outlook calls for fundamental thinking. It is brutally realistic and presents two alternatives between which we are asked to choose.

The article draws attention to the impasse which now confronts this nation as a result of its failure to acquire the exports necessary to achieve solvency, and at the same time a sufficient flow of commodities to the home consumer to maintain the morale and incentives necessary to sustain the export targets. It points out the "evident need of an exceptionally high rate of capital investment during the next few years if any real recovery is to be achieved," since in future our exports will have to be won and held in a buyers' market, and since from now on a bigger flow of goods must go into the home market.

In discussing ways and means to these ends two alternatives are presented: (1) a return to the *laissez-faire* methods of pre-war, or those now operating in the U.S.A., with a measure of unemployment as a means of forcing down prices to competitive levels, and (2) a more comprehensive and watertight scheme of economic planning in those fields of production most deeply affected by the necessity of exports.

The argument submitted is, I think, sound if we accept the assumed premises, viz., that our export targets are possible of achievement, and that the economy which demands them is a desirable one.

I think there is an appreciable and a growing body of opinion in this country which is not attracted by either of these alternatives, and would, in fact, repudiate both. Personally I am not disposed to consider which is the better of two loathsome things: the disorder of the jungle or the order of the model prison.

In my view we are already in an era wherein the one-sided economies, which we and others practised and forced upon the whole world during the last century, are no longer tenable. In any event, the raw material and food shortages which are to obtain during the next fifty years, alongside a plenitude of manufactured goods which the phenomenal expansion of secondary production since 1938 has made possible, have revolutionised the old economy and are already transferring the balance of economic power from the secondary to the primary producers. Even now we are in a buyers' market as regards most secondary products, but in a sellers' market as regards primary products.

The outstanding economic fact of to-day is that the pre-war primary producing countries are running full steam ahead towards a reasonably balanced economy, as between primary and secondary production. It is sound policy on their part, and nothing can stop it, since the primary producers are marketing the scarcity products for which they can command what they most need, which happens to be machinery. This is true of the entire Far East, the British Dominions, Latin America, and the semi-circle of states on the Western frontier of Russia. Before very long all these areas will be self-sufficient in regard to food, shelter and clothing. As for other goods they can afford to go slow, to purchase the barest minimum until they can manufacture for themselves, in the meantime concentrating on the purchase of machinery.

The mind of all these areas is expressed in the main Resolution passed by the "United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East" at its Conference held in India and just concluded. It expressed the view that "for the purpose of meeting the immediate and short-term requirements for the economic and industrial rehabilitation and recovery of this region, the most urgent need is for the importation of capital goods and basic materials from industrial countries."

To these fundamental facts British politicians would appear to have turned a blind eye. Yet face them they must in the end. Ultimately we have no alternative but to move towards a more balanced economy as between primary and secondary production. In that event we shall come into a situation wherein, freed from the necessity of capturing and holding vast foreign markets, we shall be free to think in terms of making possible a good life for the British people, to build and produce for enjoyment, for beauty and well-being instead of for money which, owing to the loss of most of our spiritual values, we no longer know how to use.

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OXFORD

SIR,—If Oxonian did not visit Oxford for the sole purpose of ferreting out Fascism, his article does nothing to contradict that impression. Nearly every paragraph echoes the word "Fascism," and all this in a visit spanning but three nights. He must have got to the heart of the movement, which is something that some of those up here, of the "officer-class," but strangely enough, not basically hostile to Labour politics, have been trying to do for some time, without much success.

As a member of the University, but sufficiently detached because living some six miles out and coming in each day, I feel better qualified to assess the "vacuum" that is Oxford than your transitory Oxonian. The modern undergraduate is not overfond of whip-swinging thugs, Fascist or Communist. But none of us would like another Spanish Civil War to provide us with "a renascence of democracy and culture," and having seen and suffered war do not need anything equivalent to tug at what we feel to be our rather more mature emotions.

Perhaps we are rather concerned with qualifying for various professions—that's because most of us feel a sense of duty and gratitude as recipients of Government grants and prefer to reciprocate by working for the purposes for which the grant has been made. Yet we are not all Philistines—the English school at least would refute the charge. And so much are most of us concerned with "fundamental human values" that our toleration extends to the cultured Communist as well as the anti-aesthetic Fascist, and neither one nor the other is more likely to fill the vacuum that Oxonian thinks he has detected.

We are all far too busy working and playing, thinking and poetising, being aesthetic and being hearty, raising families, and replacing the lost years—in a word, fitting ourselves so that we may help shape a better future, a future that envisages neither Oswald Mosley nor Harry Pollitt.

A. COLIN COLE
Brasenose College, Oxford.

SIR,—Oxonian's article "A Visit to Oxford" is disturbing. Shall I, revisiting Oxford in 1960, get the proportions so wrong? Never have the more sober brands of politics, Labour, Liberal and Conservative, found greater favour in the University. We have heard of Fascists, I myself have met one; but it is understood that they are not to be taken seriously. The Communists find them useful as a stick with which to beat the conservative-minded. There are many more religious fundamentalists than Fascists.

The Conservatives, it is true, are gaining members and supporters, partly because Labour is in, partly because older men (and not only ex-officers) take a less *a priori* view of politics; but mainly because the working-class is now getting a fairer share of the national income, so that generosity of spirit no longer obliges one to be a leveller. The suggestion that the Conservative tendency is not ultimately incompatible with Fascist ideas, though (four lines above) "the twain can perhaps never meet" is confused. Hinting at opposites is a form of argument of which an Oxford tutor should have cured Oxonian in three years. Such hesitant insinuation is unfair. Those who value the slow growth of tradition, and the ancient institutions adapted by bourgeois-liberal Britain to its own needs are more obviously marked out to be opponents of violent innovation and contempt for the law than members of a quondam quasi-revolutionary party.

It is strange indeed that any one should find Oxford at present unconcerned with discussion ranging over vast issues. The difficulty most of us find is in ever stopping such discussions and getting to bed. But it is true that we no longer have guilt-feelings on account of not being manual workers. Nor do we hope for too much.

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FORCED LABOUR IN U.S.S.R.

SIR,—The further I read Mr. Werth's letter the more I was disappointed and surprised. Instead of saying what he "knows," he embarks on speculative and negative criticism: Is Russia so rich as to be able to afford sentencing great numbers of men to death in gold mines? How could she keep up her war economy while keeping millions of men in labour camps? Is it possible that the population of the Ukraine was depleted (by one-third, Mr. Werth says arbitrarily) in the early 'thirties? And so on. But what is it that Mr. Werth "knows"?

At the end of the letter, Mr. Werth tells us what he has really seen himself. During the war he was in two places which I mention as locations of labour camps—Murmansk and Nalchik. In Murmansk he saw that "the dockers were the burliest, healthiest, best-fed people"; he knows that they were not slaves at all. By coincidence, other correspondents also passed through Murmansk. Walter Kerr, of the *Herald-Tribune*, for instance, strongly pro-Russian during the war but intelligent and honest throughout, tells in his book, *The Russian Army*, how the ship he was on arrived at Murmansk. The British crew wanted to give a cheer to the Russian dockers but was received "in awful silence." "A few hours later," Mr. Kerr reports, "we found out why the Russians had failed to acknowledge the cheer. They were prison labourers, far from their homes, guarded by police with rifles and fixed bayonets." But Mr. Werth did not see any. Nor did he see the convicts at Nalchik. He only saw "holiday-makers with no sign of any chain gangs," but he wisely adds this time, "of course, I may have overlooked them."

Mr. Werth's methods of criticism are somewhat peculiar. When I give the number of persons deported from the Baltic States as about 200,000, he questions me, "On what basis? Just none." He might have noted that I was quoting from as objective and often pro-Soviet a source as the International Labour Office publication, *Displacement of Population in Europe*, by Professor E. Kulischer, as well as the report on Baltic refugees published by the Baltic Humanitarian Association in Stockholm (1946). When he wishes to dispute my figures, he speaks of "12 to 15 million slaves in Russia," whereas my own estimate is 7 to 12 millions. In order to refute my statements, he attributes to me the absurd idea that practically all the people deported in the 'twenties and 'thirties must be dead by now. Finally, he tries to maintain—now, in 1948—the old legend of the people's solidarity with the Soviet Government during the war. He "knows" that even in the Ukraine, where from 300,000 officers and men fought on the German side, "the war record was outstandingly good." He even knows that there is "no disaffection" toward the Soviet regime. If he wanted a factual, objective picture, he might also interrogate thousands of plain Russians and Ukrainians in British D.P. camps before making any sweeping and obviously partial statements.

Mr. Werth comes to the conclusion—without any factual basis—that there are from 1½ to 2 million inmates in the labour camps, in addition to the "remaining German prisoners." Mr. Werth ignores the fact that, according to statistics offered at the Allied Council in Tokio, there are over 500,000 Japanese prisoners in Russia to-day and there were over 700,000 when I wrote my book; nor does he seem to know anything about the German prisoners: only a small part of the 3½ millions have returned; many have died; but how many are there still working in Russia? At any rate, if we add these prisoners of war to Mr. Werth's figure of two million inmates in the camps (which is manifestly an understatement), we get a figure of from 3 to 4 millions. Even the minimised figure of 3 to 4 millions would constitute an economic asset of such magnitude and a moral and humanitarian issue of such tremendous dimensions that all the general conclusions which I arrived at remain completely valid.

A few words about another of your correspondents—Andrew Rothstein. In his letters he accuses me of insinuations, distortions, and of maliciously deceiving the reader. I warmly recommend his letter to any student of Soviet propaganda techniques, to all seminars dealing with Soviet practice as a worthy specimen of the methods of *Pravda* and Mr. Vyshinsky, etc. Here are a few examples of how Mr. Rothstein works:—

(1) Mortality in concentration camps. If my figures were correct, Rothstein asserts, the entire able-bodied male population of the U.S.S.R. would have disappeared. Mr. Anthony West, in his letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, has already laid bare Rothstein's trick. The mortality of 30 per cent., which according to available reports was observed in two punitive camps, in Rothstein's interpretations, is spread over all of Russia!

(2) "Dallin's accumulation of gossip and guesswork about alleged slaves in the U.S.S.R. ranges . . . between 5 and 35 million." The section referred to by Rothstein reads: "These figures (ranging up to 35 millions) appear to be highly exaggerated."

(3) The urban population of Russia increased by 30 million—from 25 to 56 millions—between 1926 and 1939. Writes Mr. Rothstein: "Dallin insinuates that the increase of the urban population was due to the 'expansion of labour camps,' concealing from his readers that 174 well-known larger towns alone accounted for 17.9 millions of the increase." What I said was (p. 51): "In this achievement (rapid growth of cities) the Five-Year Plans and industrialisation programmes played an important role. . . The expansion of labour camps is *an element* in the proud growth of cities."

(4) For the situation in 1941 I quoted from a book, *Justice Soviétique*, which contains the authors' own calculation of the camp population. Well acquainted with the complex structure of clusters, regions, and individual camps, they conclude that the 20 clusters identified by them had a population of about 9.5 million. Rothstein disregards these facts, which are confirmed by the inmates themselves, and by a trick of algebra arrives at the total of 46,000 prisoners!

There is no need to take more space to illustrate Mr. Rothstein's standards of criticism. Since my book was completed, new memoirs of former camp inmates have appeared; others are now in print. A multitude of documents—mainly from former Polish prisoners—have been deposited with a leading American university. The Workers Defence League in New York has gathered considerable material on the subject of forced labour in Russia. These new data correct some of the details given in my book; some of the original estimates have proven too high, others too low. However, the over-all picture I have given has been borne out by all this latest material.

Last October one of the delegates to the General Assembly of the United Nations publicly asked Andrei Vyshinsky for his opinion about my book. Vyshinsky, of course, assailed me—I would have been unhappy if he hadn't—but then he proceeded to deny that there were . . . 20 million persons in the labour camps. He did not try to dispute the figures I actually gave. Now Vyshinsky should know plenty about the state of things since he was instrumental in the resurrection of slave labour in Soviet Russia.

In our miserable world only small crimes against men or mankind receive the punishment they deserve. Great gangsters have good attorneys, and the greater the crime, the better the defenders. No wonder that the slave drivers of our time find attorneys to speak for them, and slavery as a social institution finds its apologists. It is unfortunate that this brand of justification is found among people who deem themselves liberal and progressive.

DAVID J. DALLIN

New York City.

[Alexander Werth writes: "I shall deal only with the part of Mr. Dallin's letter concerning myself. He does nothing to invalidate my main deductions, and he now tries to say that he never spoke of 15 million slaves; he even suggests that he only spoke of "between 7 and 12," and that he does not exclude the possibility of "only" seven being the right figure.

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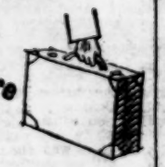

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Company Meetings

MARKS & SPENCER

Increased Profit

The 22nd annual general meeting of Marks and Spencer, Ltd., was held on June 24 in London.

Sir Simon Marks (chairman and managing director), in the course of his speech, said: The profit before providing for taxation amounts to £3,169,000 (against £2,576,000). Provision of £1,850,000 for taxation leaves the net profit of £1,319,000 (£1,176,000 last year).

We recommend a final divided on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary shares of 45 per cent., making 60 per cent. for the year.

In accordance with the request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are recommending the maintenance of our rate of dividend although our profits justified an increase.

The spiral of increasing prices raises serious and difficult problems for producers and distributors alike. Sales become more and more governed by price and quality. Improved methods and layout of production can do much to raise productivity.

There is an increasingly closer collaboration between our suppliers and our own scientific technical staff. The function of that staff is to study quality through the various stages of production. Our suppliers appreciate the importance of quality and up-grading wherever possible. We have been able to extend our range of goods and the public have been prompt to recognise the values we offer.

EXPORT

The national necessity for export has made it our duty to develop export trade. We offer a valued service to our manufacturers, many of whom have neither the personnel, nor the organisation, nor the contacts for the export trade.

I have visited South Africa to examine Woolworths' (Property), Limited. I am satisfied that this organisation is capable of considerable development as the economy of South Africa promises much expansion given stable political conditions.

Our Catering Section has continued to win increasing public appreciation. We have now 107 Catering Units in operation. Quality control of the food we sell is exercised by a team of experts.

We strive to maintain the highest standards of hygiene and cleanliness in our cafeterias. Much time and attention is devoted to the training of our staff, who realise that the reputation and the success of the business depend not only upon good quality food but also on the practice of hygiene and cleanliness in relation to food handling, food preparation and service.

We have made some progress with the renovation of a number of stores. Some time must elapse before we can restore them all to the condition in which we would wish to have them.

Sympathy, understanding and all that constitutes good human relations are essential to efficient co-operation between management and labour. That has long been a guiding principle in the administration of your company. We have created and developed a comprehensive system of welfare, which is at the service of our staff in health or sickness, at work or leisure.

It will be seen that we propose to double this year the allocation to the Benevolent Fund, the benefits of which are much appreciated. It is with great pleasure and sincerity that your Board express their thanks to all grades of our staff for their work during the past year.

The report was adopted.

Then he brings war prisoners to the rescue (which is quite irrelevant) in a desperate attempt to show that there isn't, after all, such a wide discrepancy between what he says and what I say!

Why is he so indignant because I suggested that his "millions of slaves" who had been in camps for 10, 20, or 25 years must by now be "dead or, at any rate, useless"? Does he not himself quote one Margolin as an authority—without a single word of criticism—and does not Margolin say that the Soviet camps have exacted more victims than all the camps of the world—including Hitler's, put together? In a dozen different ways he has insinuated a gradual massacre of millions—in fact, of a considerable part of the population. Why is he trying to wriggle out now?

Of course, I knew he would pounce on my two personal examples of Nalchik and Murmansk as inconclusive; but even so, I mentioned them because it seemed curious that at the two of Dallin's "slave centres" I *was* actually able to visit, I did not find any slaves.

In my letter I tried to assess the number of people doing forced labour on the basis of actual realities and of the known sources—and the approximate size of these sources—from which the bulk of the forced labour comes. Dallin instead dabbles in a sort of metaphysical system teeming with millions, and without much reference to Soviet reality. And I still think that it is better for anyone wanting to write about Russia, to have lived there for seven years, than not to have been there at all—or at least not for 30 years or so. If Mr. Dallin had known Russia in recent years, he would not put on paper his ludicrous statements about the lack of patriotism and solidarity among the Soviet people during the war. One has to judge by results, and these results even Mr. Dallin cannot deny. Incidentally, I strongly question his figure of 300,000 Ukrainians in the German army. But perhaps he knows—or doesn't he?—that the Germans had a ruthless system of blackmailing many war prisoners, by means of starving them, into joining the Vlassov army and similar formations. Yet, even assuming that his figure of 300,000 is correct, he very characteristically omits to say that there were *at least twelve times as many Ukrainians in the Red Army*, where their record was, I repeat, outstandingly high. This is so typical of his whole method that I shall say no more—except just this. When now, suddenly, in 1948 (with or without his exclamation mark) he tells us that Russia was rotten with slavery, treason and corruption during the war years he is talking *after* the event in the way that some foreign military "experts" foolishly talked in 1940-41 *before* the event. Why this absurd attempt to prove at this stage that Russia was and is rotten and weak, which, whether we like it or not, is just not true? Is not this idea that Russia could be knocked over with a feather by any little invading army one of the points his book is intended to demonstrate?

This correspondence has gone on long enough. Reference to it is made in our Comments this week. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LATIN AMERICA

SIR,—Mr. Jellinek refers to "Apra democracy"; I was very careful not to do so. But to be quite fair to Haya de la Torre, it should be remembered that, when President Bustamante was elected in 1945, Apra votes put him in office. When Haya made his latest dramatic return to Peru the other day, it was to challenge the President to deny that he had betrayed his election promises by dismissing Congress and refusing to allow pending by-elections to be held. If new elections were held, the Apra candidates would no doubt win by popular ballot; and, once in power, de la Torre would no doubt go all out on his Indian policy, which Bustamante began but now seems to have relinquished under Conservative pressure. It might come to civil war first, or de la Torre might be assassinated like Gaitán; he seems, incidentally, quite prepared to face this latter eventuality. With his departure, what little light of political freedom has flickered in Peru for the space of a few short years would go out.

If I may quote an impartial opinion on Apra, I would cite Richard F. Behrendt (by no means a representative of American imperialism) who, in his extremely able study on *Inter-American Economic Relations*, defines the movement as "a movement devoted to the economic, social, and cultural rehabilitation of the masses, particularly the Indians [but the *mestizos* as well]; to the fight against 'foreign imperialistic exploitation'; and to the unification of the twenty republics of 'Indo-America' . . . . Among its supporters are some of Latin America's outstanding contemporary intellectuals."

Of course it would be absurd to say that the Peruvian Communist Party has "now joined with the Conservatives and Catholics against de la Torre." What I did say was: "now joined in denunciation." The implications are different. During the 1945 elections, when the Communists and Apra were in alliance in the Peruvian Popular Front, Haya was denounced by the Catholic Conservatives, but not by the Communists. I still doubt (Communist propaganda notwithstanding) whether Haya has essentially deviated from his original programme, though he may have revised his opinions as to how to carry this out.

As for "begging the question" in my conclusion, does not Mr. Jellinek do so by assuming that the only source of capital for Latin American economic development is U.S. private capital? The whole basis of Latin American (genuinely) Nationalist agitation at Mexico City, Rio and Bogotá has been that there is another possible channel, a "Marshall Plan," or an inter-American Bank and Development Corporation to make direct loans to Governments along the lines of the recent International Bank loan to Chile. It is obviously in the Communists' interest that Latin Americans should come to believe that the simple choice before them is between Communism and the feudalism of the U.S. companies—and in many ways the State Department appears to be helping the good work along. Nor is it true to say, on the one side, that nationalism is "Communist-inspired," and on the other that it is "dollar-inspired." Both Peronismo and Aprismo are attempts to give expression to national aspiration, and the fact that some of their manifestations are unpleasant does not alter that fact and its implications.

NORRIS WILLATT

MEDIATION FOR GREECE

SIR,—Nobody can be satisfied with the results of British and American intervention; few can state that the spring offensive against the guerrillas has brought the desired success.

Is not this the time, therefore, for a truce and mediation as in the case of Palestine? Since it was a British decision in December, 1944, that began the slide of Greece down the slippery slope of national disunity, it would be proper for the British representative at Lake Success to broach the question of an armistice. One may expect American support, for Washington must be disillusioned by the apparent failure of the military operations in Greece and no doubt a majority of the countries represented on the United Nations would be glad to get Greek affairs off the agenda.

For the Greeks themselves a truce would hold the germ of unity and the prospect that at last a representative Government in Athens would be competent to direct the people's steps towards peaceful reconstruction. Sovereigns and dollars, hitherto largely wasted, could then be put to useful work and we should hear little more of the Communist menace in Greece.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

15 New Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

"SIGN OR STARVE"

SIR,—May I ask you to spare space for me to disclaim this "slogan"? I have never used these words in any address or otherwise.

HORDER

32 Devonshire Place, W.1.

[Dr. Graham, to whose letter in this journal Lord Horder refers, apologises for attributing this slogan to him. The mistake arose because *The Times* introduced the slogan as a sub-heading under which Lord Horder's remarks, together with those of other speakers, were quoted. The phrase was Dr. Kennedy's; Lord Horder was reported as saying that "the men and women who were signing on daily, were signing for economic reasons and through fear—especially fear that they might lose compensation."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

LARGER NET PROFIT

THE nineteenth annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on June 29 in London.

Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (the chairman and joint managing director), in the course of his speech said: The net profit arising from the year's operations is £264,381 as compared with £198,258 last year. The rate of dividend is 10 per cent. for the year, but you will appreciate the amount increases over last year by reason of the increase in the issued share capital.

The shortage in the supply of raw materials and equipment, to which I referred last year, is not now so acute, but after careful consideration, not only of the material position of 1947, but of the possible trend of trade during the next few years, we felt convinced that the policy of the company should be to concentrate on the needs of existing subscribers. The directors are convinced that this is the wisest policy, for we recognise that the solidity of our business is based on the satisfaction of the largest possible number of subscribers to our service.

It must be obvious that we shall need further capital to finance the rapid growth of your company. Your directors therefore propose to issue 500,000 Four and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and application is being made to the Capital Issues Committee for the necessary permission. As far as the future is concerned, I have every confidence in the progress of your company.

The report was adopted.

"SHELL" TRANSPORT AND TRADING

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on June 30 at Winchester House, Old Broad St., London, E.C.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, who presided, said: Ladies and gentlemen, you have received a very full report this year and I have nothing to add to that report.

He proposed that the report and accounts be adopted and a final dividend on the Ordinary Capital for the year 1947 of 1s per share or £1 unit of Stock, free of income tax, be paid.

Sir Robert Waley Cohen, K.B.E., seconded the resolution which was carried unanimously.

Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir John Maitland Salmond, G.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., Major The Hon. Peter M. Samuel, M.C., and the Right Hon. The Viscount Weir of Eastwood, P.C., G.C.B., LL.D., D.L., were re-elected directors.

Mr. J. W. Boyle, C.B.E., and Sir Kenneth B. Harper, who were appointed members of the board during the year, were re-elected.

Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, McAuliffe & Co., were re-appointed auditors.

Mr. Thomas Borthwick said that he did not want the chairman to declare the meeting at an end before proposing a vote of thanks to him and the board.

Mr. R. S. Chandler seconded the vote of thanks, and the motion was carried with acclamation.

Replying to the vote of thanks, the chairman thanked the members for their continued confidence and said that it was a very great pleasure in the present difficult times, and to some extent times of frustration, to feel that the work done by the board received the approval of the body of shareholders. Times were not easy and be imagined that in the years to come—the next few years in particular—they would not become particularly easier. He assured members that the Board would give to their affairs the same conscientious attention which they had always endeavoured to do in the past. It was a unique occasion as it was the annual meeting following the fiftieth anniversary of the company. The company was old because oil was young. It was a young organisation and it was their constant endeavour to keep it young. He believed that the development of the industry was still to a large extent in its infancy, and it was of the utmost importance that they should keep their thoughts young, as they had done in the past.

He said he would like particularly to refer to their wonderful team of managing directors in the Group of companies of whom they were so proud. Members would realise that a great part of the responsibility in operating the management of their great concern and its partner the Royal Dutch rested upon the shoulders of that group of managing directors. These men had all grown up in the business and in that respect when people spoke of turning over industry to the workers this was one of the great enterprises of the world which had always been and would always be managed by the workers, because these men had worked their way up with the business and reached the top by sheer merit in the real sense of the word.

The proceedings then terminated.

This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have renamed it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

PATRONISING and pitying Coleridge has, for the past hundred and forty years or so, been a sort of minor literary industry. "Poor Coleridge!": even Dorothy Wordsworth could hardly write the name without its apparently inseparable adjective. Her brother went one better, confiding to Poole in 1809: "I give it you as my deliberate opinion . . . that he neither will nor can execute anything of important benefit to himself, his family, or mankind." It is unnecessary to set down once again Carlyle's vitriolic portrait of "the old man eloquent" in his "Dodona oak-grove" at Highgate; but Emerson too was not impressed, describing his visit as "rather a spectacle than a conversation"; while Hazlitt, in a famous passage, drew an unflattering parallel between the exiguity of Coleridge's nose and "what he has done." Scott, a trifle more amiably, likened him to a lump of coal "rich with gas" that could not "do itself justice" until "some shrewd body" should "clap it into a cast-iron box," to function, presumably, as a sort of literary steam-engine; and we even find the egregious Dean Milman explaining to Caroline Fox that, though Coleridge's conversation had been "very remarkable," it was marred by a "total absence of wit."

Among modern writers, Mr. E. M. Forster is chief of the honourable minority who adopt what Coleridge himself would have called "a more genial judgment"; among his contemporaries, Charles Lamb, possessed of the tolerance of the man aware of certain small fallibilities in himself, comes out with much the best record. "Poor Coleridge!" says Crabb Robinson, catching the prevalent infection, and Lamb is on him like a shot: "Call him Coleridge; I hate *poor* applied to such a man. I can't bear to hear such a man pitied." And again, when Leigh Hunt, who has been treated to a long discourse, turns to Lamb and asks "in a tone of perplexed vexation": "What makes Coleridge talk in that way about heavenly grace, and the holy church, and that sort of thing?" Lamb rejoins stoutly, "with the hearty tone of a man uttering an obvious truism": "Ah, there is a g-g-reat deal of fun in Coleridge!"

A great deal of fun in Coleridge. Well, if anyone should know, surely it is this old midnight companion of *The Salutation and Cat*, with its "nice little smoky room . . . with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, Egghot, welch Rabbits, metaphysics and Poetry" where, "over his fourth or fifth jorum," Coleridge was wont to "chirp." For it can hardly be overstressed that the Coleridge who matters most is not the prematurely-aged figure that shuffled about Gillman's garden, or peers apprehensively at you from above his stick in Maclise's drawing, or even heaps whole tablefuls of somnolent bodies in Max's devastating cartoon. We say "matters most" because, despite all preconceptions to the contrary, something of the original Coleridge lived on to the end. There was, as Hunt tells us, something "invincibly young in the look of his face"; and recall, too, the youthful exuberance of that conversation with Keats, which ranged wildly from Nightmares to Nightingales, and from Ghosts to the Kraken.

But for the moment let us go back: let us consider that it was precisely one hundred and fifty years on November 13th last year that a party of three set out at 4.30 on a "dark and cloudy" afternoon (4.30 on a November afternoon, mark you!) to walk the eight miles from Alfoxden to Watchet: two men, one woman, the eldest twenty-seven years of age, the youngest—Coleridge—twenty-five. The next day they proceeded to Lynton and the Valley of Rocks, a distance of about five-and-twenty miles. They returned by way of Dulverton, crossing Exmoor, one surmises; and the whole round trip, which started on a Tuesday and finished, we conjecture, on the following Friday, amounted to not less than eighty-four miles, over hilly roads. And on this little excursion the Wordsworths and Coleridge between them "thought of" that poem which the latter, in his more exuberant vein, was pleased to call "The Old Navigator." No wonder if in later years Coleridge felt constrained to write of "this body that does me grievous wrong" and to recall the time when "o'er aery cliffs and glittering sands, How lightly then it flashed along!" For these were young people, full of vigour, and genius—and fun. This was the Coleridge of those astonishing entries in the Gutch Memorandum Book, where a receipt for Irish Stew jostles with grandiose plans for an Epic on the Origin of Evil, or a note of his peculiar partiality for broad beans contests for supremacy with such remarkable natural observations as: "A dunghill at a distance . . . smells like musk, and a dead dog like elder flowers." This, too, was the Coleridge who would "rather be an expert, self-maintaining gardener, than a Milton, if I could not unite both," who was resolved to "raise corn with the spade, enough for my family"; who, intent on "warming his mind with universal science," wrote to Humphry Davy to enquire the cause of "that sensation of cold, which accompanies inhalation, after having eat peppermint Drops," who got scratched by the cat whose back he had been rubbing in the dark to see "whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a prism," who thought it would be "singularly desirable to try the effect of animal magnetism on a sick Indian." Finally, this was the Coleridge who, when correcting his proofs, was apt to star the margin with such impassioned pleas to the printer as "Good heavens! what a Gap!" or "The Motto—! where is the Motto? I would not have lost the MOTTO for a kingdom twas the best part of the Ode"; the Coleridge who, we imagine, was the only man on record ever to proceed from Keswick to Grasmere *over* Helvellyn, who (as Dorothy Wordsworth relates) "came in with a sack full of books, etc., and a branch of mountain-ash: he had been attacked by a cow"; the Coleridge who was descried by Samuel Rogers travelling with the Wordsworths in Scotland in a vehicle that looked "very like a cart," and who (Dorothy again), in a very Mr. Winkle-like way, did not, when left in charge of the horse on this trip, "attempt to drive him, but led him all the way"; the Coleridge who, on taking out a volume of Apuleius from the Bristol Library scribbled in the record-book "9 Dutch ships taken and 3,000 troops Bravo"; the Coleridge who, in short, was not averse, as Lamb had observed, from a good deal of fun—epigrams, puns, even sheer nonsense as in the case of the famous story, that never got finished and was always being told differently, of Dr. Daniel Dodds and his horse Knobs who drank the wine-dregs at the Dapple Dog in Doncaster. A long way, all this, from Carlyle's acid presentment; such a long way, indeed, that one is tempted to class the latter, in Coleridge's own dog-Latin phrase, as *omne meus oculus*.

All of which brings us to our central purpose: the indication of the broad vein of humour which formed a part, and a not often observed part, of Coleridge's many-faceted temperament. It was with him to the end: it even shines out here and there in the solemn but splendid *Table Talk* which was edited after his death by his devout nephew, H. N. Coleridge. What could be better, for example, than his observation to the young man who declared that he would "believe nothing he could not understand"? "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know"; or his avowal of incomplete sympathy with a certain acquaintance in these terms: "I could not bear to roast him . . . but to have to sit down with such a fellow in the very lowest pothouse of heaven . . . is inconsistent with the belief of that place being a place of happiness."

But it is in the early days that the fun is at its fastest. The archangel, as Lamb noticed, *was* a little damaged. It is to the great days that one must turn, the days when he "spawned plans like a herring," when ideas "bustled along like a Surinam toad, with little toads, sprouting out of back, sides and belly." It is from such days that we derive the purest, the most engaging fooleries, like his Receipt for Brewing Wine—"Get two strong faithful men by proper instruments—Vide Thieves' Calendar—to break into a Wine merchant's Cellar"; his appending to the Essay on Fasts in *The Watchman* that equivocal text from Isaiah, *Wherefore my Bowels shall sound like an Harp*; his description of his own writing as involved in "Lycophrontic tenebricosity," or of Southey's *Joan* as "Tom Paine in petticoats"; his stories, as of the Hessian landlord, encountered on the trip when they visited "Klubstick," who, on being told that he wasn't a Christian for refusing them a bed, took up a cudgel and said: "I'll show you whether I'm a Christian or not!"; or that other, which so wrung the tender heart of Dorothy, about the drowning man who, telling his would-be rescuers that he has a sickly wife and seven small children, is quickly "popped under" again, on the assumption that his self-destruction is eminently to be encouraged.

It is from these days, also, that spring the best of his *jeux d'esprit* and epigrams, little known, often brilliant; though that even this vein was never quite worked out is shown by the lines he wrote, sometime about 1825, in reply to Hazlitt's unflattering sketch of himself in *The Spirit of the Age*. Not the highest poetry, of course, but with a pathetic felicity in its conclusion:

> Ah! silly Bard, unfed, untended,
> His lamp but glimmer'd in its socket;
> He lived unhonour'd and unfriended
> With scarce a penny in his pocket;—
> Nay—tho' he hid it from the many—
> With scarce a pocket for his penny!

It is not possible to give more than a few of the earlier vintage, of which there are close on a hundred in the standard edition of his works. Here is one on "a volunteer singer":

> Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
> Should certain persons die before they sing.

Another:

> In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes,
> The thing called Wine doth come from grapes,
> But on the noble River Rhine,
> The thing called Gripes doth come from Wine!

Last, an epitaph on a Major Dieman:

> Know thou who walk'st by, Man! that wrapp'd up in lead, man,
> What once was a Dieman, now lies here a dead man.
> Alive a proud MAJOR! but ah me! of our poor all,
> The soul having gone, he is now merely Corporal.

But, after all, there is one best and final answer to all the pitiers and patronisers, and that is what Coleridge himself has to say about the gap—of which he was not aware—between his promise and his performance: "By what I *have* effected (he writes in *Biographia Literaria*) am I to be judged by my fellow men; what I *could* have done is a question for my own conscience." Despite all his domestic Micawberishness, despite all the mental havoc wrought by the Kendal Black Drop, what he had effected, among other things, is, for example, to be seen in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* where, with the sole exceptions of John Milton and Anon, he commands more space than any other poet. Let him speak for himself once again:—

> I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part indeed have been trod underfoot, and are forgotten; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others.

The eggs continue to hatch out; perhaps, from time to time, feathers still come from them.

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ART AS A BRANCH OF HISTORY

Florentine Painting and its Social Background. By FREDERICK ANTAL. *Kegan Paul. 4 gns.*

Dr. Antal applies his Marxist training to an analysis of the artistic situation in Florence in the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. He informs us in his preface that "this book was written between 1932 and 1938." It comes to us with all the freshness of that glamorous decade, when austerity walked hand in hand with tolerance, when Communism could be compatible with enlightenment, when Liberals seemed to be lurking behind iron curtains, when the participation of intellectuals in street-fighting did not strike one as ludicrous. Had this book appeared, as it was intended to appear, at about the time of Munich, it might have been hailed in this periodical as a manifesto. It is indeed a precious document of the 'thirties, just as Longhi's book on Piero della Francesca is a document of the first importance for the 'twenties; and even if in years to come its value as art history diminishes, it will always be consulted, along with the documentary film and certain portraits painted in the Euston Road, by students who wish to discover what it felt like to be advanced and lively just before the outbreak of the second world war. Unfortunately its publication has been delayed until this year. It has broken on our disillusioned age like a rose on autumn; and it is only with the most determined effort at fairness that we can pierce its jargon to extract truth. It is difficult not to be more antagonised than stimulated by the relentless slogging-match that Dr. Antal carries on with ideas, by the squeezing of fat problems into narrow formulæ, by the employment of Marxist terminology to define a state of society that can only to a limited extent, so it may seem to us now, be described in Marxist terms, and by such expressions as "upper bourgeois," "democratic," used too often too loosely and cushioned in inverted commas as though some other, more precise, terms had been intended but not found. We now feel more inclined to accuse him of being repetitive, doctrinaire, too simple—all of which is true—than to acknowledge—what is no less true—that many passages in this book are penetrating, such as his demonstration of the coexistence of aristocratic and popular elements in the work of Lorenzo Monaco, or his perception of the gradual aristocratisation of the middle class in the emergence of joust-scenes on *cassone* panels; that the whole work is readable, learned and brilliantly conceived; and that on no future excursions to the Spanish Chapel and Santa Croce, shall we ever see exactly what we saw before.

There was a tendency at about the time of Cézanne's death, when the best art was not anchored to society, and could be as capricious as it pleased, to treat the art of the fourteenth century as a parade of unique, sparkling personalities, as soil in which any plant might reasonably be expected to grow. The stern lesson that Dr. Antal teaches is that art is chained to history, that its form and content are determined by the prevailing social and political climate, that given certain conditions, some forms can flourish whilst others are bound to wither away. The change in style, for example, between Cimabue and Giotto, between the expressionist forms of the former and the measured monumentality of the latter, is paralleled by the revolutionary fervour of the new middle class towards the end of the thirteenth century, followed by its stabilisation as the dominant power in the early fourteenth. Later, as the power of the upper bourgeoisie declined, as this class was compelled to make more and more concessions to lower strata of society, so its art grew more popular in character, becoming at times more decorative, at times more hieratic, depending on whether these lower strata hankered after pageantry and realism of detail, or tended instinctively to read pictures as symbols. In the 'sixties and 'seventies, when the democratic movement reached its height, the art of the city expressed itself in the popular, narrative style of fresco cycles, a poster-like art that was legible to unsophisticated worshippers without being realistic. After the suppression of the *ciompi* revolt and the re-establishment of upper-middle class authority, there occurred a return almost to the Giottesque tradition, in the work of Spinello Aretino, which survived into the following century.

Analyses of this description—and I have been obliged to simplify an already simple thesis—are thrilling and persuasive, provided that they are confined to humble artists who stick to the rules; but as soon as the great figures of history find themselves imprisoned in the Marxist net, they struggle so violently for release that they burst their bonds. Dr. Antal would have to admit that his descriptions of Masaccio as "the representative of its [the Florentine upper bourgeois] intellectual rationalist upper stratum," and of Gentile da Fabriano as "representing the aristocratising upper bourgeoisie" (p. 315), however accurate, are totally inadequate. The method can most properly be applied to periods of intense revolutionary activity when no supremely great art flourishes, such as the later fourteenth century in Italy, and France in her neo-classic phase—as Dr. Antal himself, in a series of dazzling articles on Géricault, has sufficiently demonstrated. But men like Giotto, Masaccio, Brunelleschi and Donatello tiresomely step out of neat prisons into worlds that they and a few friends alone inhabit, suggesting that there must be more in heaven and earth than is to be found in dialectical materialism; and although Dr. Antal has made us understand Andrea da Firenze as perhaps we never understood him before, he has no answer to the necessary question, why we should set a value on certain forms, whether they be aristocratic, upper bourgeois or lower middle class, and why we should pass others by with a perfunctory nod of recognition.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

CONCENTRATION CAMP

Prisoners of Fear. By ELLA LINGENS-REINER. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

The tempo of hell is supposed to be a perpetual crescendo, the absolute of torment. The uninformed idea of a concentration camp is very much like that, and preliminary reports and photographs, focusing, inevitably and perfectly truthfully, on the most atrocious outrages, tended to support it. One of the merits of Dr. Lingens-Reiner's book, which is the first I have read to take one right inside, is, as Arturo Barea points out in his introduction, the detailed, objective account it gives of the life of the place in its everyday aspects. Not that there was really any less sheer frightfulness than one supposed. Indeed, there seems to have been more, and the combination of it with the daily round engenders an even darker night of the soul than the traditional inferno of the imagination.

Dr. Lingens-Reiner, an Austrian physician, was sent to Birkenau, the women's section of Auschwitz, in February, 1943, for helping Jews to escape from the Reich. She remained there until a few months before the liberation when she was transferred to Dachau. As a German "Aryan" and a doctor she was in a peculiar position, somewhere between the staff and the worse-treated prisoners. Discussing it afterwards with her, a fellow survivor said: "As you worked in the hospital practically from the first day, you don't know what the camp really meant." In fact, it was just this semi-detachment that enabled her

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to learn so much and makes her book so valuable. She writes fairly clearly with a scientist's grasp of detail, though sometimes, in her perfectly understandable anxiety to record everything, she packs her material too close together, thereby making confusion worse confounded.

She is meticulous in sorting out what she herself saw and knew for certain from what she heard. She thinks there was probably less sadistic ill-treatment of individuals at Birkenau than at some of the camps for men, but she vouches for quite enough to make such distinctions seem rather academic. If beatings of from twenty-five to fifty strokes, and confinement for three days in a cell periodically flooded up to the prisoner's neck, were quite common occurences, there is not much consolation in learning that multiple sadistic outrages, such as when ninety women were first manhandled, then made to jump from a second-storey window, were probably isolated instances. Her account of living conditions and the resulting physical state of the prisoners is so frightful that, read after it, the mass-execution of two thousand patients, in order to cope with a typhus epidemic, comes as less of a shock, if not exactly as a relief. Looming over all, of course, was the mass-murder by gas chamber of hundreds of thousands of Jewish men, women and children, the largest batches during Dr. Lingens-Reiner's time being Hungarians. These were supervised by Kramer, who appears to have been even more of a monster than one had imagined. One peculiarly macabre anecdote describes railway truck-loads of Jews on their way to the gas chamber waving through the barbed wire to the audience at a weekly open-air concert in the hospital grounds.

These are some of the major outrages. However dismally familiar they may be, it is worth repeating them for the benefit of anyone who likes to cherish the delusion that concentration camp atrocities have been exaggerated. The most significant parts of *Prisoners of Fear* are those which describe the relations between prisoners and prisoners, and prisoners and staff, and the mental life of the place. In spite of all the fear and abnormality, Dr. Lingens-Reiner maintains that there were relatively few cases of concentration camp psychoses, apart from toxic psychoses due to physiological conditions. The prevailing mental ill was of a social character, due to the absence of any rational system of human relationships. This is perfectly logical; it is wish-fulfilment to suppose that most prisoners behaved nobly. If people are forced to live like debased sub-humans they will soon start to behave accordingly whether they want to or not. Even a saint may tread on your toe in the rush hour and ethics do not survive long in the Black Hole of Calcutta, when every breath you draw is at someone else's expense. There were exceptions, of course, and many of them, instances of selflessness and courage amongst very diverse types. Many people, among them Dr. Lingens-Reiner, risked their lives to keep Jews off the extermination lists. Sometimes Jews refused to allow them to run the risks. But in the main, concentration camp life inevitably entailed a slump in individual morale. Even group solidarity could only express itself at the expense of other groups. The corruption of the administration was nightmarish. There was a "trusty" system calculated to set one prisoner against the other, some of the trusties being very tough German prostitutes. The guards were as capricious as emperors. One Head Wardress, ordinarily tireless at hounding Jewish women to the gas chambers, took a Jewish musician under her protection because she respected her talent.

Dr. Lingens-Reiner distinguishes three types of SS guard. She insists that the really pathological sadists were a minority even if an important one. The majority, male and female, were fascist lumpen types whose behaviour was bewilderingly inconsistent and split. Sometimes, when acting individually, they could be quite kind; but whenever their minds worked along Nazi group lines they were either callously or deliberately cruel. She repeatedly stresses what an absolutely vital part anti-semitism played in undermining their psychology. There were also a few party fanatics, or lunatics, who, strange as it may seem, gave the impression of being persons of integrity who had somehow managed to blind themselves to what was going on. And there were some eccentrics, not all of them members of underground parties, who had joined the SS to help its victims. These did their best but their opportunities were very limited.

It would seem, then, that the problem of "how people could do such things" is one of social rather than of individual psychology and that group phenomena offer the key to it. To say that German fascism as a system was efficient at organising and harnessing all the most brutish social elements and individual instincts is rather like saying that A is A, but it is less obscurantist than falling back on original sin or the innately superior wickedness of the German race.

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TWO JOURNALISTS AND A GENTLEWOMAN

Linden on the Saugus Branch. By ELLIOT PAUL. *Cresset Press.* 12s. 6d.

The Happy Profession. By ELLERY SEDGWICK. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

Green and Gold: By MARY HAMILTON. *Allan Wingate.* 10s. 6d.

Those accustomed to feeding on nectarines and peaches are necessarily prejudiced against a diet of apples. This is rather an elaborate way of saying that since Sir Osbert Sitwell has set a new standard in autobiography both readers and reviewers have become more difficult to please and are apt to recall the delicacies of recent feasts with longing and regret. For such a mood, Mr. Elliot Paul's *Linden on the Saugus Branch* is as good an antidote as any. His sketches of life in New England are packed to bursting with descriptions of mountainous meals, crude puritanism and orgiastic scenes; the general effect is that of a canvas by Breughel. The setting is one that will be associated in most readers' minds with the work of Sarah Orne Jewett, with the addition of hideous nineteenth-century architecture, porch-rockers, a Congregational church, sleighs, love-philtres and kidney-beans. The town of Linden appears to have been inhabited by a great many eccentrics as well as by the Paul family, whom the author—I think mistakenly—has relegated to minor or walking-on parts. Starchy or prudish readers are warned not to attempt this book, for Mr. Paul is extremely outspoken and only minces matters when he comes to the assessment of character; odd tricks and vagaries of behaviour interest him, but not the lights and shadows of personality. The meticulous and the priggish

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will be jarred by this author's reckless use of nouns as verbs ("She clerked in the principal grocery store"—"She roomed in Linden") and those whose minds assimilate slowly will shrink from the mass of characters presented but not filled in, outlined but not solidified. (I started counting them until I got to the two hundred and thirty-fourth; then I gave up and calculated that there were, approximately, two new personages on every page; this works out at nearly eight hundred characters in a book of three hundred and eighty-seven pages.) On the other hand, those who have no neurotic obsessions about form or precision or principal verbs or "fictionalised" autobiography will find a great deal of unusual and picturesque entertainment in this book. There are one or two very fine set pieces and a few fascinating shreds of information about the tastes and habits of the New Englanders of fifty years ago. In order to achieve some kind of coherence, the author has hung his material on a single thread, that of a spinster schoolteacher afflicted with dementia præcox; but although her adventures and misfortunes are symbolic of the whole, they provide neither a frame nor a connecting link for the fecund exuberance of Mr. Paul's recollections. One of the conclusions drawn by the author is poignant and salutary. The United States, in general, he says, have the worst standard of cooking in the world, with the possible exception of England. Struggling for breath, fighting our way through the jungle undergrowth of Mr. Paul's gastronomic memories, we can only gasp out agreement and turn to another New England writer, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, whose *Happy Profession* is not, he says reassuringly, autobiographical.

Why is Mr. Sedgwick on the defensive? The story of the man who edited *The Atlantic Monthly* for more than a generation and was described as a "high hat from Boston" would have promised well. But this author confines himself to anecdotage and capricious pronouncements on people and books. There are a great many funny stories: no doubt some of them sounded very amusing indeed when told; but in print—

> One day . . . a Yale contemporary came to see me. We exchanged confidences. What was he going to do? He was not sure. Had I plans? Yes. I proposed to edit *The Atlantic*. "Gee whizz," said he.

Yes, well . . . let us pass on to some of Mr. Sedgwick's dicta on matters of more general interest. For instance, we are all agreed that taste, not good taste, but simply Taste, is very important. "Taste is one of the deepest things in life," he says, and then describes his discovery of Mr. James Hilton; Mr. Sedgwick recognised the value of *Mr. Chips* immediately, reassured its then unsuccessful author and financed him; he proposed to set him up in the "prettiest of little apartments—Mayfair would do very well." In fact, Mr. Sedgwick's Taste never let him down; of *The Turn of the Screw* he remarks, "Black coffee and moist towels are a help, though they hardly suffice, and my advice is to slam that book tight shut, turn off the lights and go to bed."

As for the rest of the book, I hardly know which will be the more popular with Mr. Sedgwick's English public, his dog pieces or the account of his interview with the Royal Family. There were Mr. Sedgwick and his friend Mr. Bok—"We went down to Sandringham in state," he says "——and there were the King, the Queen, the Queen-Mother, the Princess Mary and "a row of pretty countesses." It all went off splendidly, of course; at the climax Mr. Sedgwick recited a few verses of Tennyson's "Sea-King's Daughter from Over the Sea" to Queen Alexandra, then stone deaf, who "smiled at my exhilaration."

Mr. Sedgwick ends his book with his Ten Private Commandments, which, if not highly original, are redolent of Taste. ("To be honest. To be fair. To be endlessly interested," etc. etc.), but his most startling conclusion comes earlier on. "The great American sin is vulgarity." No English reviewer is qualified to comment on such an indictment as this.

Mrs. Hamilton's *Green and Gold*, although far better written than either of the preceding books, is curiously daunting. The reason lies, I think, in the author's innate sense of proportion. Her autobiographical fragment (it covers the first twenty-odd years of a long life) is charmingly free from pretention, egoism and pomposity; and yet it may be these very weaknesses that sometimes make an autobiography readable and—perhaps unconsciously—entertaining. It doesn't seem fair. Mrs. Hamilton's descriptions are crystalline, her humour is dry, her self-knowledge adequate and her attitude instinct with common sense. And yet—and yet—is there not an aridity, a feeling of flatness in this sentence?

> I was not a beauty according to the standards of those days, but, with the youthful bloom on my cheeks and the light of happiness in my eyes I saw no great fault to find.

And nor should we. Such writing as Mrs. Hamilton's, suitable for and only too rare in works of fiction, fails to carry the heavier guns of self-revelation. The best autobiographies are those in which the author appears to attach tremendous significance to all that memory—or invention—have brought him. In this respect Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. Paul have the whip hand of Mrs. Hamilton. To be ludicrous, philistine, pontifical, opinionated, or even sentimental and lush is, in autobiography, permissible and sometimes acceptable; while to be, like Mrs. Hamilton, forthright, gentle, unassuming and clear-sighted is correct, of course, and praiseworthy—but alas! the result may disappoint the captious and ungrateful reader who has been irritated, shocked, embarrassed but kept going by the battering-rams and trumpetings of such writers as Mr. Paul and Mr. Sedgwick. It may be because we have heard about this kind of Anglo-Irish lady many times before that we are inclined to turn a deaf ear to her. *Green and Gold* appears so much a part of our literary tradition that we know it by heart before we have got to the end of the first chapter.

HESTER CHAPMAN

LOCAL GOVERNMENT REFORM

The Development of Local Government. By WILLIAM A. ROBSON. Revised and Enlarged Second Edition. *Allen and Unwin*, 18*s*.

Dr. Robson's book was first published in 1931. The present revised and enlarged edition went to the press before the Local Government Boundary Commission had produced its recent proposals for a reorganisation of local government structure—proposals which in some respects, though by no means in all, go part of the way to meet Dr. Robson's proposals. Briefly speaking, Dr. Robson sets out from two main principles—that the main local authorities need to be considerably larger than most of them now are, and that there ought to be in every area one and only one authority charged with the main functions of administration. These two principles lead him to conclusions which appear at first sight to conflict with them; for he urges, on the one hand, that many more and smaller towns than at present should be given the status of County Boroughs, and on the other that many of the key service functions should be controlled neither by Counties nor by County Boroughs, but by joint bodies representing authorities of both types. All Boroughs and Urban or Rural Districts, except those given County Borough status, he would deprive of their "service" functions, while leaving them, at any rate for the time being, with certain inexpensive functions of inspection and

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control. In the long run he appears to envisage the supersession of the smaller local authorities by District Committees of the County Councils, consisting mainly of elected County Councillors with a minority of local members. He does not propose that his joint authorities shall be elected directly, except that for the larger conurbations he now advocates directly elected Regional Councils. These would be broadly along the lines of the "Greater Manchester" plan which has been under discussion for the past two years.

Most of Dr. Robson's book is a revised version of what he wrote seventeen years ago; but he introduces his new edition with a powerful prologue, "Local Government in Crisis," in which he draws attention to the marked trend in recent legislation to treat the inadequacy of existing areas as a reason for taking whole functions, such as electricity supply, gas, and main roads, right out of the jurisdiction of the local authorities. He regards this tendency as constituting a major attack on local freedom; and his proposals are designed to make possible a stronger and more active resistance to official pressure for centralisation.

Rightly, he considers powerful and largely autonomous local authorities an indispensable part of real democracy, and that the enlargement of areas for the provision of modern services, so far from involving an attack on local freedom, is the only way of preserving it in the world of to-day. He accumulates telling evidence of the growth in this country of the alien conception of the "police state"—that is, of turning Local Government, for many purposes, into a subordinate and controlled agent of the central power. He seriously criticises the local authorities for failure to understand what is happening to them, and for conservative obstructiveness to structural changes which offer the only hope of preserving their freedom and of enabling them to provide efficient service under the conditions of to-day.

Dr. Robson is at his strongest in this criticism, and when he is urging the claims of the large (or largish) authority. He appears to me to make too little allowance for the need for directly elected authorities in towns and districts too small to qualify, even on his basis, for County Borough status, and to put too much hope in joint action between the Counties and the County Boroughs. He specifically abandons his "single-tier" system in the case of the conurbations; is he really satisfied that it will work elsewhere?

G. D. H. COLE

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Space-saving Key: DB, DA, C = H.M.V.
LX, LB, DX = Columbia.
K, M, = Decca.

(Note: This key will not be repeated again.)

SYMPHONIES: Haydn No. 96 in D major (Concertgebouw—Van Beinum, K1885-7); Mozart No. 39 in E flat (K543) (LSO—Krips, K1829-31); Dvorak No. 4 in G minor (NSO—Cameron, K1263-7); Samuel Barber's First (New York Phil.—Walter, LX1077-8). One of Haydn's most entirely lovable symphonies, conducted with musicianly feeling and recorded with remarkably good balance. Viola and cello tone particularly caressive. Now that the Walter set is deleted, this is the only one available and should not be missed. The new issue of Mozart in E flat emphatically supplants the recent Goehr set: the tempo of the Minuet is much more rational, the definition clearer, the recording more accommodating; only I could wish the Finale had something of the zest displayed in the Beecham set. Of somewhat stolid worth—though it has charming passages and is full of good tunes—Dvorak's Fourth receives a performance that is on the whole adequate. One misses the liveliness and authenticity of the old Talich set; but it cannot be denied that the new recording is far more resonant and gets more of the notes on to the disc. The balance is occasionally imperfect and the string tone noticeably lacking in warmth. The Barber Symphony is an interesting, dramatic, promising, unsatisfactory work. Sibelius, Shostakovitch, Prokofieff, and even Rachmaninoff, are all drawn upon for a piece lasting only 16 minutes. There is enough here for a full-length symphony, and the effect is not one of masterly compression, but of youthful inability to develop material. This is highly emotional music, and the score is grossly overcharged. But there are moments of such genuine beauty and power that I recommend readers to give this work a trial. The performance would seem to be admirable in every respect, but the recording cannot be said to deal very successfully with the apoplectic orchestration.

CONCERTOS: Liszt No. 1 in E flat (Moura Lympany, with NSO—Kisch, K1834-6); Stravinsky Concerto in D major for Strings (Hallé—Barbirolli, C3733-4); Walter Leigh Concertino for Piano and Strings (Kathleen Long, with Boyd Neel, K1832-3). Unlike Liszt No. 2, of which two excellent sets are now available, No. 1 is represented only in an ancient Gieseking issue. (H.M.V. did very wrong to delete the Sauer set, which was exceptionally brilliant, as well as being of great historic interest.) This leaves the field virtually open to Miss Lympany, and she rises to her opportunity in a performance which does all that can be done for this rather perfunctory concerto. But the recording spoils her chances; being shallow and screamy. On this occasion Stravinsky has done no better than Liszt: his Concerto in D major has all the air of having been "run up" quickly. The leavings, so to speak, of *Apollon Musagète*—prim, spiky, abrupt, and of an outmoded smartness, but undeniably pretty at times, and, of course, very cleverly written. Unlike the Symphony in Three Movements, this slim work does not repay closer acquaintance. The performance is not quite tidy, but the recording is excellent. By the death of Walter Leigh England lost a composer of delicate but unmistakable gifts. His Concertino is a succinct piece which says what it has to say sensitively, clearly, without fuss or pomposity. The influence of Hindemith is obvious, but the latter's contrapuntal style is skilfully adapted to the poetic and very English quality of the material. (The fill-up, a Fantasy by Byrd, is very beautiful, but should have been more fully described on the label.) Performance and recording most agreeable.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL: Mozart: *Adagio and Fugue* in C minor (K546) (Vienna Phil.—Karayan, LX1076); Beethoven: *Leonora Overture No. 3* (Turin SO—Erede, K1849-50); Tchaikovsky: *Serenade* for Strings (Philharmonia—Dobrowen, C3751-3); Sibelius: *En Saga* and *Valse Triste* (LPO—De Sabata, K1504-6); De Falla: *Tricorne*—Scenes and Dances from Part I (LSO—Jorda, K1796-7); Delius: *Brigg Fair* (RPO—Beecham, DB6452-3); Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Shazka* (Philharmonia—Lambert, DX1485-6); Bizet: *Jeux d'Enfants* (NSO—Désormière, K1845-6); Liszt: *Les Préludes* (Paris Conservatoire—Jorda, K1733-4); Ravel: *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* (Boston—Koussevitzky, DB6699); Josef Strauss: *Music of the Spheres* (Boston Prom.—Fiedler, C3726); Nicolai: *Merry Wives* Overture (Philharmonia—Krips, DX1484). In their enthusiasm for this noble Adagio, modern conductors are apt to forget that Mozart wrote it for a string quartet (the Fugue was originally intended for two pianos). The Busch Chamber Players' recording (deleted) was unobjectionable because the ensemble was relatively small. The Karayan set is magnificently played and recorded with due rotundity; but the effect of so large a body of strings is tastelessly ponderous. The new *Leonora No. 3* is inferior to the recent Columbia issue on practically all counts. Kletzki injects far more nervous energy—and above all, passion—into this terrific portrait of will-power. The Tchaikovsky *Serenade*, often recorded in bits, exists in a complete but rather stodgy recording by Sir Adrian Boult. The new set is a great improvement: the tone is rich and powerful, but never disagreeable, and the con-

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THE PLAIN VIEW

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ductor presents these luxurious and picturesque movements in high style. I have few doubts about the latest *En Saga*, in which the very gradual dynamics are managed as never before and the mysterious pianissimi can really be heard. Even those who possess the Beecham recording are recommended not to miss De Sabata's. The excerpts from Part I of the *Tricorne* are particularly welcome, as they have not hitherto been available on disc. The performance and recording are not inferior to the Decca issue of Part II, so that we now have nearly the whole of this most genial and inspiriting of all modern ballets. Of the new *Brigg Fair* it suffices to say that this record is all we have so long hoped for. Few can have expected *Skazka*, but now that it is here one would have to be very austere to turn up his nose at it. Without any particular programme, this symphonic poem creates an atmosphere of magic by its airy, imaginative orchestration, and by the lovely, and utterly characteristic, flute melody. The climaxes are mechanically dull, and the material is spread thin over too large an area; but the piece as a whole exercises a curious charm. It is beautifully played and the recording is of the three-star order. *Jeux d'Enfants* must possess an almost universal appeal; this performance is sparkling and Bizet's scoring is of the kind which records with sweetness and brilliance. The fill-up—Chabrier's delicious *Habanera*—was a very happy thought. The recent Columbia issue of *Les Préludes* remains by a narrow margin the best, because Ormandy secures a very slightly more brilliant performance than Jorda. To a much wider extent the latest disc of Ravel's *Pavane* outdistances the rather dim recordings that remain in the current catalogues. Koussevitsky's deeply felt and carefully recorded interpretation infuses with new life this beautiful but hackneyed piece. *Music of the Spheres*, although by a "wrong" Strauss, is definitely a collector's piece. Performance adequate, though the rhythm lacks elasticity; recording rather cramped. The *Merry Wives* issue is to be avoided—a lively presentation horribly over-recorded and edgy.

CHAMBER MUSIC AND PIANO: Beethoven: *"Spring" Sonata F major op. 24* (Rostal-Osborn, K1817-9); Alan Bush: *Dialectic* (Aeolian String Quartet, K1852-3); Schumann: *Kinderszenen* (Cortot, DB6700-1); Bach: *Italian Concerto* and Rameau *Les Cyclopes* (Monique Haas, K1442-3); Ravel: *Alborada del Gracioso* (Dinu Lipatti, LB70); Saint Säens: *Toccata* and Schubert *Deux Valses-Caprices* (Monique de la Bruchollerie, DA1888); Medtner: *Round Dance* op. 58 No. 1 (Medtner—Moiseiwitsch, B9590). This beautifully lyrical and technically clean rendering of the "Spring" Sonata imposes itself on all record buyers. The recording is admirably sweet and spacious. Equally well recorded (apart from a shrill first violin) is Alan Bush's *Dialectic*. This—as the title implies—is primarily an intellectual piece of music, and eschews sensuous appeal. There is a certain amount of "figurative" invention, and a considerable display of energy; but the work must be described as dry, with few qualities to attract the average musical person. The Aeolian Quartet gives an impressively assured performance. Cortot's rendering of the *Kinderszenen*, marred though I feel it to be by eccentricities of phrasing and exaggerated rubato, cannot however be dismissed, for it bears the stamp of a sensitive genius. The piano tone, throughout the recording, is consistently mellow and beautiful. I recommend Monique Haas's set of the *Italian Concerto* with considerable reservations. I feel this work to belong essentially to the harpsichord, on which instrument Mme. Landowska has made a masterly recording (still available). Mlle. Haas's playing of the first two movements is curiously heavy and uninteresting; but in the Finale, and in the delightful Rameau piece, she makes an outstandingly neat and brilliant impression. The recording is capably managed. *Alborada del Gracioso* calls for no qualities rarer than an Olympic technique and a sense of style. Needless to say, Dinu Lipatti supplies these and the recording does him justice. But I am getting impatient with these ten-inch fireworks. When are we going to be given another issue from this pianist on the scale of his Chopin Sonata? Monique de la Bruchollerie polishes off the Saint-Säens *Toccata* at a speed many pianists will envy, but at the expense of accuracy and of what little music the piece contains. In the Schubert *Valses* her left hand is not well controlled, by Viennese standards. The recording is tubby. Medtner's *Round Dance* may be criticised as too thickly laid out; but it is a jolly, luscious piece, enjoyably played and recorded.

VOCAL RECORDS: Brahms: *Alto Rhapsody* op. 53 (Kathleen Ferrier, with LP Choir and Orch.—Clemens Krauss, K1847-8); Verdi: *Falstaff*—"L'onore! ladri" (Act I) and "Ehi! taverniere!" (Act 3) (Stabile—Cambridge Theatre Orch. LX1081); De Falla: *La Vida Breve*—"Vivan los que rien" and "Alli esta riyendo" (Victoria de los Angeles—Philharmonia Orch., DB6702); Mozart: *The Magic Flute*—"In diesen heiligen Hallen" and "O Isis" (Paul Schoeffler, with LSO—Rankl, K1851); Verdi: *La Traviata*—"Ah! was it he?" (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with Philharmonia Orch., LX1079); Verdi: *Aida*—"Heav'n! my father" (Act 3) (Joan Hammond and Redvers Llewellyn, with Philharmonia Orch., C3735); *English Madrigals* (Isobel Baillie, Margaret Field-Hyde, Gladys Winmill, René Soames, Keith Falkner; Cambridge University Madrigal Society—Boris Ord, C3745-50). Brahms is said to have slept with a copy of the *Alto Rhapsody* under his pillow, so fond was he of it. And well he might be, though to an English taste the choral finale sounds a bit sanctimonious. But how beautifully the solo interprets Goethe's strangely moving words! All praise to Miss Ferrier for singing it with such style and feeling and steadiness of tone—and in German, too, thank the Lord! This is an altogether excellent issue and supplies a felt need, since the Onegin set disappeared beneath the horizon. Signor Stabile is a classic Falstaff and in the two recorded excerpts (the monologue from Act 3 he records here for the first time) his delivery is a model of operatic characterisation. Recording balance fairly good. Victoria de los Angeles is a new star of some magnitude. She has a big, dramatic voice of fine quality. The first of these two arias from *La Vida Breve* comes through with thrilling effect; the second is somewhat over-recorded. We should be even more grateful for some souvenirs of the two wonderful song recitals broadcast by this singer. Herr Schoeffler's Sarastro has no bad faults of style, but his monotonous mezzo-forte is as inexpressive as a trombone. "O Isis" lacks the chorus. Those who were moved by Miss Schwarzkopf's *Violetta* will find her *Traviata* disc quite satisfactory. And if (by the same token) you can put up with Italian opera in English, you will be pleased by the duet from *Aida*, which is capably sung (especially by Redvers Llewellyn) and carefully recorded. The second set of *Madrigals* is somewhat less disastrous than the first. True, the voices are always too near the mike, and the intonation—especially in the inner parts—is often very faulty. The ensemble of soloists might have been an improvement, if it were not so evilly balanced; even so, their singing of Morley's "Now is the gentle season" and Bennet's "Thyrsis, why sleepest thou?", gives pleasure. The choir do well in Bartlet's amusing "Of all the birds that I do know," and perhaps even better in Tomkins' tragic "When David heard." But I cannot pretend to admire this set.

In conclusion I should like to draw attention to a new venture in the field of recorded poetry: The London Library of Recorded English (United Programmes, Ltd., 22b, Ebury St., London, S.W.1). The first issue consists of twelve double-sided discs containing lyric and narrative verse of all periods, spoken by Robert Harris, Cecil Trouncer, John Laurie, Pauline Letts, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Julian Randall James Stephens, Dylan Thomas, and Cecil Day Lewis. Such names as these guarantee a high quality of interpretation. Cecil Day Lewis in Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley in Hilaire Belloc's *Tarantella*, and Hopkins' *Pied Beauty*, Cecil

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Trouncer in Shirley's *Death the Leveller*, appear to me to be among the best of a good bunch. Opinions vary extremely in the matter of recited poetry, but except in a few cases I feel fairly confident in recommending this series. The surface of the discs is not bad, but should if possible be improved. The recording is occasionally a little too resonant (a fault on the wrong side, in the case of speaking voices).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 959

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The National Trust is sponsoring a scheme for the preservation of the great English gardens. The usual prizes are offered for a poem of up to 16 lines celebrating, in any mood, the English gardener. Entries by July 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 956

Set by Hubert Griffith

The usual prizes are offered for an original definition, as succinct as possible, laudatory or derisory, of the term Bohemian either in prose or verse (limit 150 words of prose or 8 lines of verse).

Report by Hubert Griffith

The germ of the competition was in a remark thrown off by Mr. Desmond McCarthy long ago: "If one calls at a house on Sunday mid-afternoon and finds one's host shaving at the drawing-room mirror—one may *tend* to feel that one is among Bohemians . . ."

After this, I deliberately, like Rosa Dartle, asked for information; and in spite of a voluminous and on the whole very amusing entry, only got it in flashes. Too many entrants concentrated on the inessentials—beards, squalor, mews-dwellings, inebriation, corduroys, resentment of rent-collectors and creditors.

But beards were also the perquisites of submarine-officers (and of King George V and General Smuts). Personal squalor?—Baudelaire, who by the unparalleled and chosen confusion of his whole life might rank as an arch-Bohemian, had exquisite manners and was a dandy. Mews-dwellings, in spite of R. C. Squires's nice pun

"The wooing of a Muse within a Mews"

can be fashionable (and expensive). Inebriation (Terence Melican's

"Deep drinker,
Shallow thinker,") etc.

is not the hobby of any particular sect. Corduroys, producing one charming pun, Diablotin's "A man who is born free, and yet goes everywhere in cords," are the most common-sense wear ever devised for an English climate. And as for disapproval of due financial liabilities, who among us love them?

There has been plenty of mild badinage: R. Hemington's

"To look all mankind in the face,
And never shave your own."

J. G. Bowen's "He has highly developed the practice of being able to talk without listening, and this saves him from extinction by boredom"; Stanley J. Sharpless' "People who live in glass houses and never draw the blinds"; Hassal Pitman's "He would rather be pilloried than unnoticed"; Mrs. Steynor's "Yes, he's a closed book—with a blurb on."

There has been a certain amount of mild sorrow: G. J. Blundell's

"Lax cultivator of his talent's flower
On squalor's slag-heap for a whim's brief hour,
He lives with one foot in the gutter. . . ."

I recommend a Guinea to each of the following six:

One who marches breast forward,
Elbows out, and quite often
Out at elbows;
Whose ego dictates
If a thing is done, not to do it;
Who, shooting at the stars,
Shoots an extraordinary number of people in the eye;
A damned nuisance,
And as necessary as an alarm-clock.

D. H.

A BOHEMIAN

is an Emasculayted Gipsie. Nott being of the Character to bear entyre Separacion from his more civiliz'd Fellowes, he dwells on the Fringe of Societie and delights to flout the sober Faschion of the Daie for his private Whimsie. He is One that eats well and heartie, yet despizes the comfortable Order of playne Food serv'd at such Times as are thought propper by Otheres. Nor keeps he regular Houers, for he goeth bedwardes towards Three of the Clock and riseth perchance att Noone. His Company is of that loose and Racketie Sorte that lives by Paintinge or Musick, or peradventure even by Scribblinge. He hath no Opinyons but such as shock playn Citizenns, yet lacks Gutts for real Devilrie. Fear him nott. The possessynge of a little Monie of his Owne induces an Impudence he mistaiks for Independance. He is a Toucher of the first Order.

X

In a Bohemian household the washing-up is done just before meals instead of just after.

S. G.

If you can contemplate Order
When your beard is matted with egg;
If you can ponder on Wholeness
When your chair has a missing leg;
If you can speak of Greek vases
As you suck your soup from the pan;
If you can do all this my friend—
You must be a Bohem*ian*.

C. L. RITCHIE

To the speech—but not the conversation—of a Gentleman he joins the clothes of a Labourer and the beard of a Hermit. Commonly he practises (or professes) some Art, the newer and less prized the better. He is apter at running scores than at paying 'em. He haunts Alehouses and Coffee-shops, and has ever time enough to be talking of Work. His neglect of common things would be Austerity in one less wanton, yet he is not so wanton neither as he would have you esteem him. He is a sort of vagabond prentice of the Muses, that will seldom serve out his indentures, seldomer commence pastmaster. Yet in his strolling and disordered life a Testimony against the over-virtuous, which consider that the Good and the Beautiful cannot without sin bed together.

R. J. P. HEWISON

"Art is life," says one who's no quack,
"With the humbug of living left out."
Bohemians gaudily go about
Putting the humbug back.

MESPIL

Highly commended:

The odd; the logical absurdity;
The inland country bordering on the sea;
To paint, or write, as if it were not wrong,
To wear strange clothes, and grow one's hair too long.
Or short, if feminine, for the law is given:
"Do not as others; let *them* go to—heaven!"

F. ROLESTSON

The Palaces of the North have floors of wood to be warm,
The Palaces of the South have floors of marble to be cool,
But in the Palaces of Bohemia
The floors are of dirt to be different.

The Palaces of the West have walls of steel to be strong,
The Palaces of the East have walls of gold to be beautiful,
But in the Palaces of Bohemia
The walls are of glass to beware of.

P. BAGGALLAY

Bohemian—native of Bohemia in the Czecho-slovak Republic, scrupulously clean and very clever.

E. R.

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Challis Chair of History vacated by Prof. S. H. Roberts on his election as Vice-Chancellor. Applics. invited for the Chair. Since a Chair of Ancient History already exists, it is desirable that the applicant should be a specialist in some phase of Modern History. Salary will be at rate of £1,500 (Australian) p.a. There is a normal retirement provision on lines of the Federated Superann. System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) p.a. upon retirement after attaining the age of 60 yrs. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates concerning method of application may be obtained on applic. to Secy., Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Closing date for applics. is July 31.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Talks Producer, Wales, based at Bangor. Duties include selection of speakers, editing of scripts, and production at the microphone. Candidates must be Welsh-speaking and should have had a good general education with a wide knowledge of Welsh life and culture. Exp. of writing and an interest in the spoken word, in both English and Welsh, would be added qualifics. Salary is in a grade rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "Talks Wales N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

H.M. Colonial Service. Vacancy exists in Gold Coast for General Manager of Cocoa Marketing Board. Candidates should be between 35/45 years of age. Organising ability and sound knowledge of commercial business practice reqd. Exp. of Colonial produce trade an advantage. Responsibility for all purchasing, handling of produce, and shipping arrangements. Sal. £1,350 p.a. basic plus £400 p.a. overseas pay. Free first-class passages for selected candidate and wife on appointment and leave. Forms of applic. from Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), 15 Victoria St. London, S.W.1.

ADULT Education. New Zealand. Applics. invited for position of National Secretary of Adult Education, who will act as Executive Officer of the recently constituted National Council of Adult Education of New Zealand. Sal. £900-£1,000 p.a. (£ N.Z.). Conditions of appointment obtainable from the Office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 The Strand, London, W.C.2. Applics. (in triplicate), which should be addressed "The Chairman, National Council of Adult Education," close with the High Commissioner at above address on July 15, 1948.

THE British Parliamentary Ctee. of the Crusade for World Government, an All-Party, interdenominational body with the support of Sir John Boyd-Orr, Lord Beveridge, Mr. I. J. Pitman, over 100 M.P.s and many other leaders of British life and thought, is preparing this autumn, in association with similar nuclei recently set up in India, Australia, Pakistan, China, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany and America, to publicise its Plan for World Government by 1955. The Committee will, within the next 3 months, proceed to appointment of regional and headquarters staff, part-time and full-time, voluntary and salaried, for organising administrative and publicity work. Partics. of the Plan, and of the help solicited, may be had on written applic. to: Executive Secy., Crusade for World Government, Southampton Hse., 317 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SOMERSET Educ. Ctee. Organiser of Further Education. (Renewed advertisement.) Applications invited for appointment of Organiser of Further Education. Candidates must be grads. of British University and expd. in work of further education. Sal. scale £750 rising by annual increments of £25 to £900 p.a. Partics. of appointment with form of applic. which must be completed and returned by July 17, will be forwarded by W. J. Deacon, Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Taunton, on receipt of s.a.e. Any candidate who has recently submitted an applic. in response to the original advertisement concerning this appointment need not renew his applic. Canvassing, either directly/indirectly, will be a disqualification.

UNIV. of Glasgow. Slavonic Languages. The University is about to institute Lectureships relating to the Language and Civilisations of certain Slavonic and Eastern European countries. First appointments will be made in Czech and Polish. Later appointments will be made in Bulgarian and Serbo-Croatian and probably also in Rumanian and Hungarian. Salary scale will be from £500 to £800 p.a. with superann. and family allowance benefits. Initial salary will be settled in the light of qualifics. and exp. Candidates likely to be interested in these posts are requested to apply for further partics. to Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applics. invited for Assistantship in Romance Philology tenable from Oct. 1, 1948. Appointment will be made according to Univ. Grading Scheme. Initial sal. between £300 and £450, according to experience and qualifics. Applics. (3 copies) by July 15, to Robt. T. Hutcheson, Sec. of University Court, from whom further partics. obtainable.

Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. invited for temporary post of Additional Statistician in a British Govt. organisation overseas. Candidates must be at least 30 years of age, British born and have first or second-class degree in Statistics, Mathematics, or related principal subject; at least 12 months' practical exp. in statistics and must be prepared to travel in the Middle East. Salary: £900-£1,200 taxable, plus untaxable foreign allowance. Written applics., giving date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp., incl. dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Officer, 1-6 Tavistock Sq. London, W.C.1, quoting ref. F.A.351. Original references must not be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

DUKE of York's Royal Military School, Dover. Applics. are invited for 6 posts at Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover (residential secondary school) of qualified graduate Assistant Masters. Successful candidates will be reqd. to teach one of the following 8 subjects. Vacancy will be allocated to the most suitable candidate in any one of these subjects, up to a max. of 6 vacancies: (1) Maths. (to H.S.C.) (2) Maths. and Science (Middle School). (3) Science (Chemistry, Physics and Biology). (4) Geography (to S.C.). (5) Geography (with subsidiary subjects). (6) Music (with general form subsidiary subjects). (7) Handicrafts (Woodwork with Metalwork or Bookbinding). (8) Gardening (simple Agricultural Science with general form subjects). Candidates must be grads. or in the case of music, crafts and gardening, possess suitable qualifics. Burnham scale of sal. is applicable to these posts. Pensions under the Teachers Superannuation (Duke of York's Royal Military School) Scheme, 1946. Single and married accom. is available. Appointments vacant during autumn term. Full partics. of posts and form of applic. may be obtained from Under-Secretary of State, the War Office (AE2), 45 Eaton Sq. S.W.1. Applics. to be returned to War Office (AE2), by August 21.

APPLICS. invited from men and women for post (in Government Department, London) as an Art Editorial Assistant. Salary scale—men £230-£575, women £230-£460. Duties cover work on a series of international periodicals. Candidates should have art school training, particularly in typography, and some exp. in magazine and book lay-out and make-up. Good knowledge of art, both historical and contemporary, essential. Written applics., giving date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp., including dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Officer, 1-6, Tavistock Sq. London, W.C.1, quoting ref. K.X.330. Original refs. must not be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview advised.

SURREY C.C. Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for appointment of an Administrative Assistant in the Educ. Dept., mainly for the Youth Service and Community Associations. Applicants should have had first-hand exp. of Further Education, particularly as it relates to leisure time activities of adults and young people. Univ. Degree and admin. exp. are desirable. Sal. in accordance with Grade VIII of the A.P.T. Division of Natl. Scales for Admin., Professional, Technical and Clerical Officers of Local Authorities (£685 by £25 to £760 p.a., plus London area "weighting"). Applic. forms and conditions of appointment obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) add. env., from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applics. invited for Assistantships (2) in French, tenable from Oct. 1, 1948. Appointment will be made according to Univ. Grading Scheme. Initial sal. between £300 and £400, according to exp. and qualifics. Applics. (3 copies) by July 15, to Robt. T. Hutcheson, Sec. of University Court, from whom further partics. obtainable.

KENT Educ. Ctee. School Meals Service. Committee invite applics. from trained and expd. women for appointments to follg. posts on the sal. scales: Area Supervisors—£420 p.a. × £15 to £465. Technical Assistants—£316 × £12 to £352 or £354 × £12 to £390, according to qualifics. and exp. Cook-supervisors and Cook-housekeepers—Grade I, £222 × £12 to £308*; Grade II, £316 × 12 to £352*; Grade III, £354 × £12 to £390*. Assistant Cook-supervisors and Assistant Cook-housekeepers—£222 × £12 to £308*. *Less £13 p.a., being the value of emoluments provided during term time. There are the following vacancies: Area Supervisors—Various areas of the County. Cook-housekeepers—Erith, Gillingham. Assistant Cook-housekeeper—Dover. Cook-supervisors—Thanet, Orpington district, Teynham, Cranbrook, Dartford, Sevenoaks, Maidstone rural, Swanley, Rochester. Assistant Cook-supervisors—Marden, Sittingbourne, Malling, Deal and Sevenoaks. All posts are pensionable. Medical exam. Applic. forms and further partics. of all posts from County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone (S/MS.2), to whom they should be returned as soon as possible. This advertisement is published by permission of Min. of Labour and Natl. Service under Control of Engagement Order.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applics. invited for an Assistantship in Logic tenable from Oct. 1. Appointment will be made according to the University Grading Scheme. Initial sal. will be between £350 and £450 and will be fixed according to exp. and qualifics. Applics. (3 copies) to be lodged by July 15, with Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court, from whom further partics. obtainable.

APPEALS Organiser (man or woman) for Boys' Club work in Birmingham. Sal. £500-£600 p.a. according to exp. and qualifics. Applic. forms from Birmingham Federation of Boys' Clubs, 26 Bristol Rd. Birmingham, 5, to be returned by July 17.

Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. invited for posts of: (a) General Secretary's Assistant, and (b) Chief Organiser. Remuneration, including C. of L. Allce. at current rate, in the region of £600 p.a. each post. Applicants for (a) reqd. to be expd. in Ctee. procedure and preparation of minutes, negotiations, admin. and conference arrangements; (b) to have exp. of organisational detail, planning of meetings, campaigns and cognate matters. Public speaking ability reqd. in both appointments. Applic. forms from Assistant General Sec., National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St. S.W.1.

APPLICS. invited for post of Records Clerk in Research section. Remuneration to commence in region of £300 p.a. including current cost of living allowance. Good shorthand and typing useful recommendation. Assistant General Sec., National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St. S.W.1.

L.C.C. Applics. invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of children's care work in public health dept. Duties involve social work in connection with school health service. A social science diploma is desirable. Salary £375, rising to £500 p.a. Senior positions are filled by promotion. Form of applic. can be obtained from School Medical Officer (S.D.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and should be returned within 14 days. (1334)

SPECIALISED Tutors are reqd. for number of combined Speech Training and Public Speaking Classes which are being organised by the Education Dept. of London Co-operative Society, Ltd. Remuneration 25s. per evening, plus travelling exps. 1½-hr. session. Applics., giving details of qualifics., exp. and age, to be made at once to L.C.S. Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

UNITED Nations Assocn. reqs. two Regional Officers to work in South and South-West England. Sal. £450. Partics. and form from Secy., U.N.A., 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, on receipt of s.a. foolscap envelope.

OLD People's Home, Stoke-on-Trent. Applics. invited from women with an understanding of Old People for following posts:—Warden—salary £150 p.a. plus residence. Assistant Warden—salary £100 to £125 p.a. plus residence. Both appointments superannuable. Applics. from married couples for a joint appointment at a salary of £250 p.a. plus residence will be considered. Further partics. and application forms from: Council of Social Service, 50 High St., Stoke-on-Trent, to whom they should be returned by July 12.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous experience in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £120 resident for assistants up to £220 resident for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

ENTERPRISING person with organizing and secretarial ability to develop new post with Ramblers' Association. £350-£450. Write, stating exp. and knowledge of countryside problems, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

HANDICRAFTS Tutor (woman) reqd. for Educational Settlement in S. Wales. Exp. with Women's Clubs desirable. Sal. £250-£330 accdg. to qualifics. and exp. Reply: Warden, Oxford House Educ. Settlement, Risca, Mon.

RESIDENT Assistant Music Mistress wanted for Sept. to teach piano and violin, and to accompany classes and choir in boys' Prep. School. The School has a strong musical tradition. Sal. according to Burnham scale. Pension scheme in operation. Applics. to Headmaster, W. F. Hoyland, The Downs School, Colwall, Nr. Malvern.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Senior Music post vacant September. Man or woman choral specialist wanted; some piano teaching also. Must be able to co-ordinate all the music of the School. Resident or non-resident post. New Burnham scale and Government Pension Scheme, plus allowance for special responsibility. Apply at once to Headmistress.

REQUIRED in Sept. for Boys' Preparatory School in Croydon, (1) Expd. Master to teach Latin and French up to Common Entrance standard. (2) Mistress for Junior Form average age 8 yrs.—General Subjects. Apply Headmaster, Elmhurst School, South Croydon.

WANTED, September, for progressive co-educational school, History Master to University Entrance standard. Some Latin or Geography an advantage. Box 4182.

TWO Mistresses reqd. in Sept. for Shropshire College of Domestic Science and Dairywork, Radbrook, Shrewsbury (recognised by Ministry of Education). Posts may be resident or non-resident. Sal. according to Burnham Scale. Applics. with copies of testimonials to Principal.

DEPUTY Warden (woman) reqd. in Sept. for Youth Centre and some work among adults. Very progressive post. Commencing sal. £270 p.a. Apply at once, giving age, exp. and 3 testimonials, to Senior Warden, Youth Centre, High St., Witney.

WANTED, part-time Secretary for progressive art society; two days a week, £100 p.a. Apply S.E.A., 15 Lisle St. W.C.2.

WEST-End House require competent shorthand/typist for German corresp. One or two half-days weekly. Box 3462.

£6 to £7 p.w. can easily be earned by Ladies and Gentlemen through selling attractive novelty direct to consumers. Write for details Box N.268, Willings, 362 Grays Inn Rd. W.C.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ROYAL School, Bath. Wanted in September, a resident Senior English Mistress; good degree and experience essential; Burnham scale. Apply Headmistress.

AN old-established publishing house of international renown has opening for young and energetic sales promotion executive. Some years' practical exp. selling scientific works is essential. Please write fully, stating age, exp. and sal. reqd. Box 4111.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts invites applications for Director. Extensive knowledge all branches contemporary arts with organising ability essential. Reasonable salary increasing with expansion of activities. Write to: Hon. Sec., 36 Downshire Hill, N.W.3.

APPLICS. invited for post of Secretary to Publicity Manager of large engineering firm, North Manchester. Must be proficient shorthand-typist, with thorough knowledge of secretarial duties, and, above everything else, capable of using her own brain. Box 3939.

WANTED: Young, jolly, well-educated woman to accompany boy aged 6 to sea coast of France end of July for 2 months' visit. Able to teach him to swim; pref. used to young boys; Return fare paid, board and lodgings free, pocket money. Box 3432.

EXPERIENCED Housekeeper reqd. in Sept. for progressive co-ed. school. Commencing sal. £225 p.a. Send qualifics. when applying for partics. to the Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

Appointments Wanted

NEW Zealander, 28, scientific univ. educ., seeks travelling post textiles/scientific. Boden, New Zealand Hse. Strand, W.C.2.

STUDENT seeks holiday employment, July-August. Anything considered. Box 3422.

GRADUATE, with research, literary and editorial exp., would like work to undertake in own home in Kensington. Wd. welcome opportunity to edit small periodical. Box 3428.

YOUNG man, 23, single, shorthand-typist, seeks post as Personal Secretary in Political, Musical or Business spheres. Box 3474.

JOURNALISTIC, business post wanted Latin America, by man (28), Languages. Experience admin., office routine, news editing. Good ref. Box 3485.

POLISH Law graduate, 33, English, German, Russian, some typewriting, seeks employment. Grateful for any suggestions. Box 3594.

YOUNG Executive holding spec. Foreign Office appt., desires change. Publ. Sch. educ.; good linguist, organiser and secretarial qual.; welfare exp.; keen on travelling. All offers considered but positions of interesting, progressive and human nature pref, Box 3798.

MAN wants sound well-paid job London or hard by. Anything demanding no special training but requiring intelligence and integrity. Resident or not. Box 4270.

HISTORY graduate, good languages, seeks interesting full-time or part-time employment. Write Box 4499.

Schools

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

CARMEL College, Greenham, Newbury, Berks. Jewish Residential School for Boys opening September, 1948. Candidates for admission in the first school year, 1948-9, should be between 11 and 14 years of age. Prospectus and full particulars obtainable from Honorary Principal, at 50 Farm Avenue, N.W.2.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

GAVESTON Hall, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Summerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs. particularly from parents abroad: R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

SMALL group of weekly boarders, pref. under eight years, accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave. N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

Naturalisation

NOTICE is hereby given that Janek Langer, of 2 Dyson Road, Leytonstone, E.11, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Home Office, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

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